

# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

No. 207.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1878.

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## CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEEK ending Jan.

Monday, Jan. 21st. Christmas Entertainments continued. Grand Pantomime, THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, the Marvellous Girards specially engaged, Matthews' Minstrels, Gonzales' Troupe, Dr. Lynn's Living Marionettes

to Saturday, Jan. 26th. and Lilliputian Wonders.

On and after Tuesday, Jan. 22nd, in addition to the above, Holden's Celebrated Marionettes.

MONDAY TO FRIDAY, ONE SHILLING. SATURDAY, HALF-A-CROWN; or by Season Ticket.

## ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL, REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

ON TUESDAY, 29TH JANUARY, 1878.

A GRAND DAY AND NIGHT FETE

will be given in the GREAT ST. JAMES'S HALL,

on the occasion of

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL

COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT,

when an entirely New and Magnificent Musical Programme

will be given by the

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS,

An entirely New Repertoire of SONGS and BALLADS by Authors and Composers of eminence.

The following Eminent Artists have also proffered their invaluable services on this occasion:—

Miss E. FARREN. Miss LOTTIE VENNE.

Miss RUSSELL. Mr. HARRY COX.

Mr. GEORGE HONEY. Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ.

Mr. W. H. PENNINGTON. Mr. F. FERNEUX COOK.

Mr. W. J. HILL. Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST.

Mons. MARIUS. Mr. LIONEL BROUGH.

Mr. G. W. ANSON. The MARVELLOUS GIRARDS.

Mr. EDWARD TERRY. Mons. JULIEN, Mons. EMILIE, and Mons. ROBERT.

The whole of the above Artists will appear with kind sanction of their respective managers—John Hollingshead, Esq., F. B. Chatterton, Esq., C. Rice, Esq., Miss Kate Santley, Mrs. Swanborough, H. Neville, Esq., and Alex. Henderson, Esq.

Full Details will be Published next Sunday.

Fauteuils, 5s. Stalls, 3s. Balcony, 2s. Gallery, 1s.

NO FEES.

Tickets may be obtained at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, daily, from Nine o'clock until the termination of each Performance.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly, NEWLY and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED.

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FORTY ARTISTS OF KNOWN EMINENCE.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, Raised and Cushioned Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Doors open at 2.30 and at 7.0. No fees. No charge for programmes. Ladies can retain their bonnets in all parts of the Hall.

## THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sunday).

Admission, 1s; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. The new lion house is now open. Among the latest additions are a herd of fine reindeer, a red wolf from Buenos Ayres, and a family of Gelada monkeys.

## EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES in

OIL, DUDLEY GALLERY, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS OPEN DAILY from 10 till 5. Admittance 1s. Catalogue 6d. R. F. McNAIR, Secretary.

## ROYAL AQUARIUM. GRAND HOLIDAY

FESTIVITIES.

The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of entertainments, will this year surpass all other rival establishments.

Doors open at 11. Admission One Shilling.

11 till 1 o'clock and throughout the day, the Laplanders, Men and Women, Reindeer, Sledges, Dogs, etc. The Chimpanzee, Pongar, the Sacred Monkey, the Abyssinian Snake Charmer, the Royal Punch and Judy, Cosmographic Views, the Performing Fleas. The Aquarium (finest in the world) the New Seal Tank, George Cruikshank's Collections, War Sketches of the Illustrated London News.

2.30. The Grand Christmas Pantomime, A FROG HE WOULD A WOOLING GO, in the Theatre. The Pantomime of the season.

3.0. First Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.

5.30. Zazel, the marvellous.

7.30. Second performance of the Gorgeous Pantomime in the Theatre.

8.0. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.

10.30. Zazel's Second Performance.

The Matthew's Minstrels, original C. C. C. of St. James's Hall, specially engaged, afternoon and evening; Ethardo, the Spiral Ascensionist, Benedetti, the Sword Swallower, Vol Becqui's pupils, Inca, from Peru, Leon, the Contortionist, the Great Japanese troupe, the Dare Brothers, Peterson's Dogs, Heriott and Little Louie. Perform afternoon and evening.

The most extraordinary combination of talent ever appearing before the public in one day.

The Daily and Weekly Papers say: Mr. Robertson has again provided a Pantomime as full of go and fun as last year. A FROG HE WOULD A WOOLING GO is one of the distinct successes of the season; no praise is too high for the admirable way in which the Aquarium Pantomime has been placed on the stage. Scenery and dresses are superb, and the acting throughout far above the average. The enthusiasm evoked in the Corridor

Scene when troupe after troupe of different nationalities succeed each other is unbounded; the music is well chosen; the dresses bright; the acting first-rate, and the scenery marvellous. Every child should, in any case, see A FROG HE WOULD A WOOLING GO. The Harlequinade is the funniest and best of the year. Paulo the Clown is certainly the clown of clowns.

## THEATRES.

### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—

Every Evening during the Week, will be produced the Grand Christmas Comic Pantomime, THE WHITE CAT, by E. L. Blanchard, scenery by W. Beverley, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will make their reappearance in London. Double Harlequinade. Morning Performance every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

### THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.—

EVERY EVENING, and till further notice, PUSS IN BOOTS. Signorita Cavallazzi and Ballet of 300. Prices and Day Performances as usual. Box office open from 10 to 5 by Mr. Edward Hall. No fees.

### THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. Buckstone.—At 7.30 the farce HE LIES LIKE TRUTH. At 8.15, an original farcical Comedy by W. S. Gilbert, entitled ENGAGED, produced under the immediate direction of the Author. Last Nights. Mesdames Marion Terry, Julia Stewart, Lucy Buckstone, E. Thorne, J. Roselle, M. Hariss, Harrison, etc. Messrs. Howe, Kyrle, Everill, Crouch, Weathersby, Rivers, and George Honey (specially engaged). Doors open at 7. Box-office 10 to 5. The Last Morning Performance of ENGAGED, on Saturday next at 2.30.

### PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr.

Walter Gooch.—Miss HEATH as Jane Shore.—164th Night. In consequence of the enormous success that has attended the revival of W. G. Wills's Drama, JANE SHORE, it will be repeated every Evening for a few weeks longer, with the following exceptional cast: Miss Heath, Messrs. C. Warner, W. Rignold, Howard Russell, &c., Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss R. Power, &c. Preceded, at seven, by OUT TO NURSE. Mr. Harry Jackson and Miss Fannie Leslie. Great Snow Scene (winter by night). NOTICE.—Due notice will be given of the production of Ross Niel's Play, ELFINELLA. Free List suspended.

### OPERA COMIQUE.—THE SORCERER.—

Every Evening, at 8.45, this entirely new and original modern comic Opera, by Messrs. W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Mmes. Howard Paul, Giulia Warwick, H. Everard; Messrs. G. Bentham, Temple, Rutland Barrington, F. Clifton, and G. Grossmith, jun. At 8, DORA'S DREAM. Doors open at 7.30.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Manager for the Comedy Opera Company (Limited).

### OPERA COMIQUE.—Tenth Morning Per-

formance of THE SORCERER, SATURDAY Next, Jan. 26th, at 2.30. After the opera, Mr. George Grossmith, Jun., will give his Musical Drawing-room Sketch, A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

### ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. HARE.

Last nights of the HOUSE OF DARNLEY.

Every Evening, at 8.15, will be performed an original Comedy of modern life, in Five Acts, entitled THE HOUSE OF DARNLEY, written by Lord Lytton. Characters by Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Amy Roselle, Miss B. Henri, Mr. Charles Kelly, Mr. Titheradge, Mr. A. Bishop, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. Denison, and Mr. Hare. Box-office hours, 11 to 5.—Acting-Manager, Mr. Huy.

VICTIMS, a comedy in 3 acts, written by Tom Taylor, is in rehearsal and will shortly be produced.

### CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

284TH NIGHT OF PINK DOMINOS.

Every Evening, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT, Samson Burr, Mr. Henry Ashley. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Charles Wyndham, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris, Francis, Mesdames Fanny Josephs, M. Davis, Eastlake, Rose Saker, E. Bruce.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

### FOLLY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson. Immense success of the Special Christmas Novelty. Every Evening, at 7.30, PEACOCK'S HOLIDAY. Mr. W. J. Hill, in his original part. At 8.45, A NIGHT OF TERROR, a Musical Madness, in Three Fyttes. "Flat Burglary as ever was committed." From the French, by Charles Wyndham and Arthur Mathison. Supported by Messrs. W. J. Hill, C. Ashford, P. Day, Dalton, and John Howson; Mesdames Katrine Munroe, Violet Cameron, &c. Musical Director, Mr. Edward Solomon. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

### GLOBE THEATRE.—Under the Management

of Mr. RIGHTON. Mr. TOOLE in Henry J. Byron's New and Original Comic Drama, A FOOL AND HIS MONEY, at 7.45. (second time), preceded by, at 7, A HOUSEHOLD FAIRY, concluding with ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS. Morning performance this day at 2.30 of Lord Lytton's Play, MONEY, with powerful cast. Saturday next, the first Toole and Righton Matinée.—Acting Manager, Mr. E. Clifton.

### LYCEUM.—Mrs. S. F. Bateman, Lessee and

Manager. MR. HENRY IRVING, by general request, will appear during the week on alternate nights and three of his most popular characters. The plays will be given as follows:—Monday and Thursday, CHARLES I. Tuesday and Friday, LYONS MAIL. Wednesday and Saturday, THE BELLS. Also Saturday morning at 2, CHARLES I. Received with remarkable enthusiasm by a brilliant audience last Saturday.

### NEW ROYALTY.—Lessee and Manageress

Miss Kate Santley.—86th Night of LA MARJOLAINE. Last Nights. The new song, "That's the way I do it," and "She lost her way," sung by Miss Kate Santley, and encored nightly. Every Evening at 8.30, Lecoq's LA MARJOLAINE. Miss Kate Santley. Supported by Miss Rose Cullen, &c.; Messrs. W. H. Fisher, Mervin, and Lionel Brough. Preceded at 7.30 by LOVE'S ALARMS, in which Mr. Lionel Brough will appear. Box office open from 11 till 5 daily.

### ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—

Sole Proprietor, B. Webster. Manager, F. B. Chatterton.

THIS EVENING, at 7.0, SARAH'S YOUNG MAN. At 7.45, FORMOSA: Messrs. S. Emery, L. Lablache, J. G. Shore, E. George, and H. Sinclair; Mesdames Leighton, Billington, Hudspeth, A. Murray, C. Jecks, E. Phillips. At 10.15, PANTOMIME. Box Office open from 10 till 5 daily.

### ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr.

Samuel Hayes.—Open for the Season for New and Old Comedies. Miss Ada Cavendish (her farewell engagement previous to her departure for America. Supported by a powerful cast. Commence at 8. No fees of any description.

### SURREY THEATRE.—Another Glorious

Triumph.—The Pantomime is emphatically declared again the best.—The Daily Telegraph says:—"The annual pantomime at the Surrey has so grown in proportion and beauty that it has come to be considered one of the best sights of the holiday season." Every Evening at 7, the Grand Christmas Pantomime, DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, written expressly by Frank W. Green. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 2. Children Half-price to all parts, morning performances only.

### NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

BISHOPSGATE.—The Grand New Pantomime, THE ENCHANTED PRINCE; OR, BEAUTY AND THE BEARS. Morning Performances every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 1 o'clock. Children under 10 half-price to all parts. Every Evening at 7.

### NEW GRECIAN THEATRE,

City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.

MORNING PERFORMANCES of the PANTOMIME every Monday and Wednesday Private Boxes and Stalls for both morning and evening performances, can be booked at the Theatre and all libraries a month in advance. Every evening at 7.15 o'clock, the Grand New Pantomime by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Henry Spry: entitled, HARLEQUIN ROLEY POLEY; OR, EARTH, AIR, FIRE, WATER, AND THE CHARMED UMBRELLA. Characters by Messrs. Geo. Conquest, Herbert Campbell, H. Nicholls, Geo. Conquest, junr., &c. Misses Maud Stafford, Mabel Verner, M. A. Victor, Denzil, Laura and Ada Conquest, and the Sisters Spiller. Daring Phantom Fight by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Son. Acting Manager, Mr. A. Roques.

## EVANS'S

## CONCERT AND SUPPER ROOMS, COVENT GARDEN.

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Evening, specially trained by, and under the direction of

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OPEN AT EIGHT. FIRST CHORUS AT 8.30.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

Proprietor ... .. I. B. AMOR.

### VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—972nd

Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron, (372nd and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Farren, Thorne, Garthorne, Bernard, Lestock, Austin and James. Mesdames Hollingshead, Bishop, Walters, Richards, Lavlin, &c. Free list entirely suspended. N.B.—Morning Performances of OUR BOYS (by desire), This Day (Saturday), and Saturday, Jan. 19th, 26th, and Feb. 2nd

### BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening until further notice at 6.45, the Immensely Successful New Christmas Pantomime called ROMINA-GROBIS; OR, THE TAIL OF A CAT. Alaine by Mrs. S. Lane. Miss Pollie Randall, Mr. Fred Foster. Messrs. Bigwood Lewis, Rhoyds, Hyde, Mdlles. Summers, Kayner, Brewer, Mrs. Newham. Grand transformation Scene. Ballet and Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe. Concluding with MAN'S TALISMAN. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Wray, Drayton, Reeve, Towers. Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Pettifer.

### ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Production

of a Grand Christmas Burlesque. Every Evening at 7.30 the New Comedy, FAMILY TIES. Messrs. Wigan, Marius, Cox, Grahame, &c. Mesdames Venne, Foster, Holme. After which (first time), THE LATEST EDITION OF THE RED ROVER. Messrs. Marius, Cox, Mitchell, Carter, &c. Mesdames Sanger, Venne, De Grey, &c., &c.

### ROYAL PHILHARMONIC THEATRE,

Islington.—Proprietor, Mr. Charles Head.

Will RE-OPEN on WEDNESDAY, Jan. 23, with a revival, on the most complete scale, of the celebrated Opera Bouffe, GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT, by Offenbach, English version by Farnie, supported by the following exceptionally strong company:—Miss ALICE MAY as Drogan; Miss Alice Burville as Genevieve; Misses Douglas Gordon, Jilla Howard, and Blanche Sabine; Messrs. J. A. Shane, Felix Bury, E. Chessman, Bedford, Wingrove, and Loredon. A celebrated troupe of French Dancers (specially engaged), from Paris. Conductor, Mr. G. B. Allen. New Act Drop and Scenery by Mr. Julian Hicks. Redecoration by Mr. E. W. Bradwell. Furniture by Mr. Lyons. Costumes by MM. Augusti et Cie. The piece produced under the direction of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte. Acting Manager, Mr. W. R. Field. Box-office open daily from 11.0 till 5, on and after Saturday, January 19th inst. Prices from 1s. to £2 2s.

### ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

Every Evening at 8 o'clock, a Fairy Musical and Pantomimic Extravaganza, in three acts, and fourteen tableaux, entitled "WILDFIRE," by H. B. Farnie and K. Kece, supported by the following talented artists—Misses Pattie Laverne, Lennox Grey, Emma Chambers, A. Newton, L. Robson, Veto, &c.; Messrs. Harry Paulton, F. Hall, J. H. Ryley, C. Power, and Henry Nordblom. THREE GRAND BALLETS. Danseuses, Mdlles. Pertoliti, Gilbert, Mons. A. Josset and the whole of the Corps de Ballet. Harlequinade by the Rowilla family; Sprites by the Rosine and Ducrow families. Grand Transformation and Cascades of Real Water.—Musical Director, Mons. G. Jacobi.

### SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHI-

THEATRE, WESTMINSTER-BRIDGE-ROAD.

Every Afternoon at 2, and every Evening at 7, the Grand Christmas Double Pantomime, entitled WHITTINGTON AND HIS WONDERFUL CAT; OR, HARLEQUIN JOHNNY GILPIN AND HIS RIDE TO EDMONTON. Twelve magnificent Scenes. The whole Pantomime emphatically pronounced to be the best ever produced in any London theatre. All in excellent working order. Concluding with the Siege, Storming, and Fall of Kars by the Juvenile Armies. TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY.—Box-office open from 10 till 4. Prices from 6d. to £5 5s.—Acting Managers, Messrs. Sidney Cooper and Charles E. Stewart. Stage Manager, Mr. Walter Holland. Secretary, Mr. A. Browning. Sole Proprietors, Messrs. John and George Sanger.

### SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHI-

THEATRE.—THE THREE LARGEST CIRCUS COMPANIES IN THE WORLD and the GORGEOUS PANTOMIME, concluding with the GREAT BATTLE SCENE. Two well-disciplined Armies, 2,500 in number, illustrating the Siege, Storming, and Fall of Kars. TWICE DAILY. Afternoon at 2, Evening at 7.—WESTMINSTER-BRIDGE-ROAD.

### ROYAL AGRICULTURAL GREAT HALL,

ISLINGTON.—JOHN SANGER and SON'S GRAND NEW YEAR'S FETE and CARNIVAL, twice daily 2 and 7, combining Four Monster Entertainments in One. THREE GREAT CIRCUS COMPANIES. The troupe of Champion Vaulters. Mons. Carnovora with the herd of Ten Wonderful Performing Elephants, and the Glories of the East. The Races illustrating vividly the sport and excitement of Epsom, Newmarket, and Doncaster. Well-known thoroughbred Horses and illustrious jockeys. THE HIPPODROME, with all the Thrilling Pastimes of the Ancient Romans, Racing on Barebacked Steeds, great test of speed by the Gladiators in their War Chariots, exciting and curious Camel and Dromedary Races. The whole to conclude at each performance with the Grand Military Spectacle, the BOMBARDMENT AND FALL OF PLEVNA, designed and arranged by Danson & Son, in which Two Thousand Men, Horses, Oxen, Sheep, &c., will take part. Pronounced by the 562,995 persons, who have paid for admission since Boxing-Day, to be the Greatest and Most Interesting Entertainment ever produced. The Magnificent Stud of Thoroughbred and Performing Horses, Elephants, Camels, and the whole of the Animals in use at the above establishment can be seen in their stables on the promenade, free of any extra charge to the public, and it is one of the greatest sights to be seen in London. Seating accommodation for Twenty Thousand Persons. Two Performances Daily. Afternoon at 2; Evening at 7. constant change of programme. Reserved Seats (select), 3s.; First-class, 2s.; Second-class, 1s.; and the Great Galleries, 6d. Doors open one hour before each performance.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. Bertrand; Secretary, Mr. Herbert Wycherley; Sole Proprietors, John Sanger and Son.

An Extra Morning Representation Next Tuesday at 3.

### MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S EN-

TERTAINMENT. ONCE IN A CENTURY, by Gilbert A'Beckett. After which a Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "A MUSICAL ALMANAC." To conclude with A Fairy Vision called OUR NEW DOLLS' HOUSE. (Last week but one.) Admission 1s, 2s., 3s., 5s.

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**ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS to PRE-**  
**MISES.**—Messrs. JAY, having to close certain parts of their  
premises for alterations, and being, in consequence, likely to have goods  
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stock at remarkably cheap prices.

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The Jewellery Business now carried on at 18, NEW BOND STREET, W.,  
is the third oldest established amongst the Court Jewellers of England. It  
was first established in Bevis Marks, in the City of London, during the  
XVIIIth Century, was afterwards removed and carried on as a West-End  
Jeweller's in Hanover Square, and from thence to 18, NEW BOND  
STREET, W., AND  
Warrants of Appointment were given during the reigns of GEORGE III.,  
GEORGE IV., WILLIAM IV., and QUEEN VICTORIA, as  
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## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1878.

## CIRCULAR NOTES.

THE one paragraph in the Queen's Speech upon which  
general attention is fixed is a fortunate example of minis-  
terial composition, inasmuch as it is as acceptable to the  
War as it is to the Neutrality Party. Satisfactory to the  
Duke of Sutherland and consolatory to Mr. Morris, the  
poet. Here it is:—

Hitherto, so far as the war has proceeded, neither of the belli-  
gerents has infringed the conditions on which my neutrality is  
founded, and I willingly believe that both parties are desirous to  
respect them so far as it may be in their power. So long as these  
conditions are not infringed, my attitude will continue the same.  
But I cannot conceal from myself that, should hostilities be un-  
fortunately prolonged, some unexpected occurrence may render  
it incumbent on me to adopt measures of precaution. Such  
measures could not be effectually taken without adequate prepa-  
ration, and I trust to the liberality of my Parliament to supply  
the means which may be required for that purpose.

"ON Thursday afternoon," writes the London Corres-  
pondent of the *Bath Herald*, "a terrible incident occurred  
in St. Paul's Cathedral. A man took and threw himself  
from the whispering gallery to the ground beneath, a fear-  
ful height, and was smashed terribly. Luckily he fell on  
no one." What did he take? Arthur, who is a hardy  
joker and not to be denied, however grim the subject,  
and antique the pleasantry, declares that "he took a  
drop too much."

Who is Graham? and, what is Mortimer? Together  
those gentlemen would appear to represent "Graham and  
Mortimer's Dramatic Institute, 23, Hunter-street, Bruns-  
wick-square, W.C." (we make Graham and Mortimer a  
present of the advertisement, and much good may it do  
them), which was "established in 1870, and re-organised  
Jan., 1877." A circular issued by the Institute is before  
us. It is an imperfect production—regarded as a circular  
—since the words, "rough proof," are inscribed in the  
upper left hand corner. Moreover, there are several  
printer's marks in the body of the document, including

the addition of the word "distinguished" between the  
words "Under the" and "patronage of." It is mournful  
to note that beneath the amended line, "Under the [dis-  
tinguished] patronage of," there is a space of an inch or  
so which has yet to be filled with the names of Graham  
and Mortimer's patrons. However, that is a detail. Hum-  
bugging is not a lost art. The patrons will come. The  
ladies and gentlemen appealed to are invited to know  
that "This Institute is established for the purpose of  
affording ladies and gentlemen wishing to adopt the stage  
as a profession, an opportunity of gaining a thorough  
knowledge of the Dramatic Art, including [sic] tuition in  
stage business, Elocution, Declamation, Deportment, and  
the various branches of a Theatrical Education." Now  
what do Spenlow and Jorkins—we beg pardon, Graham  
and Mortimer—mean by "including tuition in stage busi-  
ness"? The other day an anxious amateur wrote to a  
well-known theatrical bootmaker, in Bow-street, ask-  
ing to be supplied with a pair of boots exactly like  
those worn by Mr. E. Royce in "his famous jumping  
acts," in order that he, the anxious amateur, might be  
enabled to jump as high as E. R. Are G. and M. prepared  
to take a case of that kind in hand? The English used  
by Graham and Mortimer is uncommon. A sentence like  
the following is enough to give anybody pause—except a  
ferocious amateur. "When sufficiently competent pupils  
have the advantage of playing a part with Graham and  
Mortimer's Dramatic Company at one of the London  
Theatres" [say, for the sake of illustration, that palatial  
edifice, the Cabinet Theatre, King's Cross], "by which  
means they gain an appearance before the public,  
and are thus enabled to judge for themselves  
whether they possess an adequate amount of talent  
sufficient [sic] to warrant their advancement in the  
profession." Before the reader borrows the Dominie's  
word and exclaims "Prodigious!" let him take breath  
and try another paragraph or so from the same prospectus.  
"It is needless to inform Ladies and Gentlemen of the  
numerous Professors and Tutors for the stage, but unlike  
Messrs. Graham and Mortimer they cannot offer the ad-  
vantage of obtaining for their pupils an appearance before  
a public audience, whose impartial criticism alone is bene-  
ficial to the pupils' studies. The means of constant  
appearances given to the members of this Institute is the  
only method that can possibly increase the novitiate  
progress." It must be gratifying to the wide world of  
musical amateurs to know that Messrs. Graham and  
Mortimer do not limit their attentions to the stage. They  
have a "Concert Company in connection with the Institute,  
affording to Amateur Vocalists and Instrumentalists an  
opportunity of appearing before the public, when sufficiently  
competent, at a series of West-end Concerts." On the  
third page of the prospectus the hesitating patrons will  
find eleven opinions of the press, five of which are ex-  
tracted from our good-natured contemporary, *The Era*,  
two from the *Sunday Times*, and one from the *Islington  
Gazette*. In this last we learn that "despite the hot  
weather the audience gave the players [their attention  
to the end," which overwhelming mark of favour  
doubtless surprised the players not a little. Messrs.  
Graham and Mortimer's Dramatic Institute will probably  
meet with the success it deserves. The subscription fees  
are low, and it may be that subscribers will find  
the advantages of the Institute worth the money paid  
for them. Those who have had any experience of  
Institutes established for the purpose of manufacturing  
actors and of supporting the Graham and Mortimer class  
of instructors of stage-struck youth, will of course take the  
earliest opportunity of writing to Hunter-street for terms;  
those persons of tender years who are ignorant of such  
Institutes may be left to their own devices. It is occasion-  
ally good for young men to leave off colouring meerschaums,  
—for maidens to abandon crochet and tatting, even for  
such a change of occupation as that involved in imitating  
the mouthing and mumming of a Graham or a Mortimer.  
But we entreat those gifted gentlemen to forbear from  
troubling members of the profession with their mani-  
festoes. When they send their wretched prospectus to an  
eminent actor, accompanied by a letter soliciting his  
patronage of their remarkable show, they are guilty of  
an act of impudence that merits a rebuke.

THE other day, at the Clerkenwell Police Court (of  
course before Mr. Barstow—that learned magistrate has  
nothing but remarkable cases to deal with), Henry Gibs,  
30, deaf and dumb, no occupation, 3, Bay-street, Dalston,  
was charged with being drunk. The evidence showed that  
the defendant was found drunk in Camden-passage,  
Islington. "The defendant had nothing to say," and (we  
will not add, therefore) Mr. Barstow fined him 5s., or five  
days' imprisonment.

A WRITER who calls himself "The Theological Cos-  
mopolite," is responsible to the *Islington Gazette* for a  
biographical sketch of a certain Rev. Ebenezer Evans,  
which shows that, as a curer of souls, that eminent Con-  
gregational divine excels all his brethren in the City-road.  
As the vendors of miraculous heal-all medicines have it,  
"One trial will suffice." Exclaims "The Theological  
Cosmopolite," in his glowing peroration, "Long may  
Mr. Evans be spared to minister to his people. Long  
may they be spared to receive his ministrations. But  
[sic] one thing is certain. Whenever the ambassador of  
eternity comes to the home of any of Mr. Evans' flock,  
he will not find them unprepared." It is true "The  
Theological Cosmopolite," follows with a qualifying sen-  
tence, but this looks so much like an afterthought, and  
really is, in relation to the remarks which precede it, such  
an impertinence, that one very properly remembers  
nothing but his amazing testimonial.

THERE is nothing in a name, of course, although  
Hood did find "a very great scope in it." Nevertheless,  
when we see it announced that a lecture is about to be  
delivered on "The Wars of the Nations—are they of  
Divine Appointment and subject to Divine Control?" we  
are not by any means surprised to learn that the lecturer's  
name is Thomas Bosher.

WERE there no gracefuller and quieter means of dis-  
posing of the wardrobe of the late Mdle. Tietjens—  
assuming that the necessity for such a proceeding was im-  
perative—than at a sale by auction at "The Great Metro-  
politan Auction Mart?" Were there no loving friends and  
admirers of the great *cantatrice* who would have taken  
corded silk, and braided satin, and black silk velvet, and  
cream and cardinal silk, and navy blue silk velvet dresses,  
even at an Israelitish valuation? Were there no private  
purchasers for "a dark blue riding habit," "an ermine  
jacket, muff, and pelerine," "a handsome black satin  
domino trimmed with lace," "a magenta and white satin  
costume," "six pairs of new satin shoes," and "a richly  
embroidered morning wrapper"? Judging from the  
catalogue, a pretty clean sweep has been made of the  
divine singer's wardrobe, for we find named  
amongst the lots a pair of velvet and fur travelling boots,  
a white silk slip and body, more white satin shoes, an  
elegant shawl, sundry yards of lace, two large dress-baskets  
covered with leather, and a dress trimmed in the latest  
Parisian fashion, with flounces and overskirt of cream  
metalasse. "Who bids?" Lot four is "a magnificent  
BLACK SILK VELVET and WHITE SATIN DRESS, in which  
Mdle. Tietjens appeared (for the last time) as Lucrezia  
Borgia." Now is your chance, ladies of the lyric stage;  
if you cannot sing like her, you may, if you possess the  
requisite amount of money, at least wear her singing  
robe!

TRADESMEN who are fighting a futile battle with those  
establishments that are worked by Government officials,  
have a case against the British-Museum and Somerset-  
House-shopkeepers, which demands both attention and  
sympathy. Naturally, people will buy in the cheapest  
market, and small blame to them, so long as they are  
consistent and (be it said) quite honest in their method.  
Civil servants give no credit; the tradesman round  
the corner, whose books bristle with bad debts, does.  
Now what is the practice of the patron of the British-  
Museum and -Somerset -House-shop? Generally this.  
He takes his credit-custom to the long-suffering trades-  
man, carefully selecting from the stock of that com-  
plaisant person such articles as yield him the smallest  
appreciable profit, and keeps his ready money for  
Stores. Let us not be misunderstood. If it please  
the employers of clerks at the great Government es-  
tablishments to provide those young gentlemen with such  
an abundance of leisure that they are compelled, in order  
to carry out Dr. Watts's wholesome injunction, to com-  
mence business as poulterers, cheesemongers, tea-dealers,  
and greengrocers, we have nothing to say against it. We  
are propounding no principle. Smith, of the Museum, or  
Jones, of Somerset House, who has been engaged during  
the day either in the operation of paring his nails, or  
adapting a French play, has a mind that needs employ-  
ment. Why should he not devote his evenings to the  
superintendence of the hirelings of the Stores? Our  
present sympathies, unreasoning though they be, are with  
the sufferers—and their name is legion—from the great  
and glorious system of Civil Service Co-operation. If  
their customers become bankrupt it is they who suffer,  
not the ready-money Stores. "Let the galled jade wince, our  
withers are unwrung!" It is curious, and in some instances  
almost pitiful, to note the Mrs. Partington-like efforts which  
are being made on the part of isolated tradesmen to stem  
the torrent of Civil Service rivalry. In the window of an old  
lady, who has been in business upwards of thirty years, are  
exhibited two handbills. She finds her business slipping  
from her. Her customers buy that kind of goods from  
which she was wont to derive the greatest amount of profit  
at the Stores; from the remainder of her stock, upon which  
the margin of profit is of the smallest, she finds it next to  
impossible to live, having, as she bitterly complains, to  
give credit. Here is her protest—feeble and ineffectual,  
but still a protest, against the system:—

## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The price of all goods at this shop having been reduced to the  
level of the prices charged at the

## GOVERNMENT SHOP,

otherwise the Civil Service Stores, we are now carrying on busi-  
ness for the benefit of the public generally, and have this day  
been declared exempt from paying Income Tax accordingly.  
Dec. 20, 1877. (Signed) THE PROPRIETOR.

## OFFICIAL SHOPKEEPING.

Government officials carrying on trades and enabling the rich  
and upper class to purchase some goods at cost price, must result  
in ruin to shopkeepers, less demand for shops, loss of income to  
owners of shop property by decreased rents, and loss of rates by  
reduced rating values; and professional and private individuals  
will have to bear the burden of new taxes to make up the loss.

BACKERS of horses, who knew him, will regret the death  
of Bartholomew Onley, one of the most deservedly-respected  
of the Manchester bookmakers. He died suddenly on  
Monday night last. According to our contemporary, the  
*Sportsman*, "he had not been ailing at all, and only a  
fortnight ago attended the funeral of his nephew. Deceased  
accumulated a great deal of money at betting, and was  
connected with one or two spinning mills at Manchester.  
He was the uncle of Mr. Joseph Onley, the respected  
London bookmaker." Many a pleasant evening after the  
labours of the day were over have racing press-men spent  
with hearty old Bart. Onley.

"At the Hertford Petty Sessions, on Saturday, William  
Bates, of Ashbrook, near Hitchin, was charged with tra-  
velling on the Great Northern Railway without previously  
paying his fare, with intent to cheat and defraud the com-  
pany. It appeared that on Thursday morning last, on  
the 1.10 p.m. fast coal train arriving at Welwyn, the de-  
fendant was seen by a porter, when the train came  
through the tunnel, on the buffer of the hind brake. The  
engine was stopped in consequence of a telegram received  
from a signalman, who also saw Bates. The defendant  
jumped off, and was about to make his escape, when he  
was taken to the clerk in charge of the station, and asked  
to pay his fare." While condoling with William Bates,  
who was condemned to seven days' imprisonment, may  
we be permitted to ask a simple question? What is the  
fare, per mile, for riding on the buffer of a fast coal train?

## ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &amp;c.

AFTER the great dearth of sport during the past few weeks, it is with a certain feeling of pleasure that I now commence my weekly article as some stirring events have occurred on the river and otherwise, since my last.

Athletics have somewhat looked up, the cross country athletics having once more gone into hard work, and cast aside the feasting and frivolities of the Christmas season. In accordance with the notice I gave in my last, the Spartan Harriers decided their annual members' handicap steeplechase over the Hampstead

Course; the start taking place from the Vale of Health Hotel. A good field put in an appearance, and eventually a lad, aged 16, named Hutt, proved the victor, he having the limit, 11 minutes' start, a goodly allowance, yet according to his time, 64 minutes, some of those behind him, in my opinion, should have lowered his colours. The distance covered was about seven miles, and the winner only finished 150 yds. from Rust, who was followed home by Webb, Wilson and Mayer in the order given; the remainder of the starters coming home at intervals, and to a man covering the entire distance. On Saturday afternoon also, the race for the South London Harriers' five miles challenge cup, was decided, but only three came to the post: J. Waddington, C. F. Evitt, and

W. M. Colson. The first-named, who was my selection, unfortunately burst his shoe at the end of the first mile, and had to give up, and eventually Evitt won easily by 18 secs. in 34 min. 45 secs. Many ordinary runs took place in the metropolitan district; the South Hornsey Harriers ran into the Clapton Beagles, and the two divisions joining, had an enjoyable scamper together over their own country. Two separate teams set forth from Peckham Rye, the Peckham leaving their head quarters at the Rye House Inn at 4.10., whilst twenty minutes later the Argus Amateur Club emerged from the Herne Tavern, but it will suffice to simply state that these runs did take place, or otherwise I shall next week be inundated with descriptions of all kinds of paper-



THE THEATRICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.—No. 7. THE UPHOLSTERER.

"Who quarrelled with 'Isaac,' who furniture lent,  
Known sometimes as 'Ikey' and 'Sixty-per-Shent,'"

chases, the contributors then losing their temper because the editor cannot insert a couple of columns of twaddle.

Without the remotest feeling that I am assuming unwonted egotism, I shake hands with myself over the result of the race for the aquatic championship of Great Britain between Higgins and Boyd, on the Tyne last Monday. Ever since he made his debut I have negatived Boyd's pretensions to championship form, although I have never denied that he was a nailer over a mile course. Without waiting for casualties in training I, the moment

the match was made, plumped for the Southerner, and again and again reiterated my previously expressed opinion in later numbers. With regard to the race itself, it will always be a blot on the page of Boyd's history as a waterman, even if it be not fatal to his chance of ever obtaining another backer; and should this prove to be the case, Boyd has his own suspicious behaviour alone to blame for it. Odds of 5 to 4 were laid to money on Higgins at the start, he being shown up by George Drewitt in a seven oar cutter, whilst John Bright was mentor for the Gateshead man

from a ten oared craft stroked by Wrightson Forster. Adopting his old tactics, Boyd tried all he knew to obtain the best of the start, but the Londoner was not to be had and stubbornly refused to move until the boats were level, when luckily they both got away (Higgins, I forgot to mention, won the toss, and therefore took the northern station, a great advantage), and the Shadwell man showing soon afterwards with a slight advantage, his friends were jubilant and a shout went up that the Londoner would lead all the way and win. This seemed to needle the

Gateshead sculler, and he put on the pace to a terrific extent, and at the Mansion House Quay was as high as 44 to the minute. Propelled at such a pace Boyd's craft slowly but surely drew ahead. Boyd now began to bore his man to such a palpable extent that it was only by the exercise of considerable patience that the Shadwell representative could avoid a foul. Eventually the Northerner, when leading by but a bare yard, took his opponent's water at a moment when a foul was inevitable, and although it was staved off for some time, as they neared Red-heugh Bridge, however, what had been palpable to the onlookers would, did occur and both men pulled up. Higgins asserts that Boyd then seized the nose of his boat and squeezed it until he had done such damage that she gave signs of sinking, and the Londoner, who by-the-bye cannot swim a stroke, to save himself, seized his opponent's craft by the stern and was towed through the bridge, when Boyd shook himself clear. Over the remainder of the affair I fain draw a veil; suffice it to state that Higgins got another boat and rowed over the course after Blacknan. The referee, Mr. Ireland, reserved his decision until he reached the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, when he at once awarded Higgins the race on the foul, a decision so palpably honest and correct that Mr. Barrass, Boyd's backer, immediately went to the referee, thanked him for standing and endorsed his decision; in fact, most of the clever division had already paid over for a consideration, so certain were they which way the bets would go.

Billiards have been almost a dead letter, but on Saturday last Fred Shorter journeyed to Brighton and played a couple of exhibitions against Alfred Bowles, a well-known past performer, contemporaneous with the elder Roberts. In the afternoon they played the best of seven games of pyramids and 500 up at billiards. Shorter securing the double event; but in the evening Bowles won a game of 1,000 up with ridiculous ease.

Hearing that a Lacrosse match was to take place on Saturday last, between the rival teams of Croydon and Clapton, I paid a visit to Fairfield, the head-quarters of the former society, and there witnessed a most exciting competition. This was a return match, the first match having resulted in a draw, neither side obtaining a goal; but as on that occasion Croydon played one short it was expected that on their own ground they should carry off the palm. Mr. Freeland, of the Croydon L. C., having courteously forwarded me the exact time of the commencement, I was enabled to reach Fairfield well before the starting of the

ball. Almost immediately the home team penned their opponents, but at the end of the first five minutes the Claptonites assumed the offensive, their efforts to lower the fortress of the home team being only frustrated by the excellent goal keeping of Hartridge, and some good long kicks by Freeland, who was point. Up to half time no advantage was gained by either, but immediately after the change of ends the Croydonites bore down *en masse* upon their antagonists, and eventually Williams secured a goal for the home team. On their mettle the Claptonites tried all they knew to change the aspect of affairs, and eventually at three minutes to the call of "time," Jolly eluded the vigilance of the Croydon custodian and equalised matters. It had now become so dark that the colours of either side were struck, and the return match, Clapton v. Croydon, was declared a tie by one goal each.

On Monday evening last, at the Olympia, Brighton, W. Gale, the celebrated long distance champion, commenced a task, which he has set himself, viz., to walk a quarter of a mile in consecutive periods of ten minutes for thirteen days, at the principal towns of England, taking only every other Sunday as a day of rest and for travelling purposes, intending to keep on until he has completed 8,000  $\frac{1}{4}$  miles. The judges appointed to check the performance are Messrs. H. B. Green, Frank Richardson, J. Vandy, and "Exon."

Football players were very busy on Saturday afternoon, the principal contest being the Association Cup Tie between Barnes and The Wanderers, at Kennington Oval. The latter were strong favourites, but to the chagrin of their supporters it was found that they had to meet foemen worthy of them, and at length, when time was called, the game eventuated in a draw (one goal each), and these teams will have to try conclusions at a later period. Another important competition also took place in the provinces, viz., London v. Birmingham played at the latter place under Association rules. Although the London Team was a weak one (they also had to play one short through the absence of Buchanan), they managed after a well contested game to win by a goal to love. An immense number of other matches were played throughout the United Kingdom, but from unavoidable causes I am constrained to limit my remarks to the following précis return:—Arrows beat United; Manchester Rangers, Liverpool Walton; Clapham Rovers, Wasps; Institute, Croydon Rovers; St. Stephen's, Westminster, Argonauts; Upton, Buckhurst Hill;

St. Philip's Rovers, Hercules; St. John's Wood, Griffins; Rob Roy, Somervilles; Leyton, St. Albans; Hornsey Rovers, Clapton; Hendon, Union; Gresham, Mosquitoes; Falcons, Ivanhoe; Gresham Gymnasium, London Hospital; Falcons, Ivanhoe; Brixton, Kensington Schools, &c., &c., &c.

EXON.

A DRAWING-ROOM Entertainment by the *employés* of Messrs. J. and C. Boyd and Co., will be given at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, W., on Thursday next, at 6.30, in aid of the funds of the Royal Hospital for Incurables.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Land and Water* makes the curious statement that in certain English counties from whence the chief supply of geese is drawn, young children are frequently detained from school or work, that they may lie in bed by turns for the sole purpose of hatching goose eggs placed there with them.

THE carrier pigeon can do without food and drink for days in succession. Mr. John Frame, of Comber, Belfast, writes:—"I packed up my birds (Jacobins) at ten o'clock on Monday, after Belfast show, and stupidly forgot, when I had brought the birds home, to unpack a small box into which I had squeezed a pair. I only missed them on the following Saturday, and, of course, thought I would find them 'gone coons,' but the cock was quite plump and hearty; and when I put them into a pen for food, not a bit of him would feed until he had paid a visit to his ladylove. The hen was considerably exhausted, and for ten days looked dull, but she is still alive and well. Neither bird could stand erect in the box, so small was it." The capacity to fast explains why carrier pigeons are able to make long voyages without stopping for food or rest.

THE *Sportsman* tells the following story:—"There was once an actress celebrated for her blonde hair. All the young men of the day raved about it, and at last one, more courageous than the rest, wrote to the gas-light divinity asking for a lock of it, that he might for ever wear it next his heart. To this modest request the lady replied by letter, stating that she could not conveniently destroy her head of hair even to gratify a valued, though unknown, correspondent. But if he really admired the colour and texture of the hair she begged to recommend him to such and such a wig-maker, from whom she had purchased it, and who would probably be in a position to satisfy his requirements."



SCENES FROM FAMOUS PLAYS AND OPERAS.—No. 16. "KING HENRY IV."

## MUSIC.

## HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

*The Phantom*, an English adaptation by Mr. Gilbert & Beckett of Count Flotow's three act comic opera *L'Ombra*, was the work selected for the opening of the English Opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday last, and had the advantage of novelty, never before having been heard in London, although since 1870 the original work has become popular in every continental capital. The title of the work is but slightly connected with the plot, which is condensed as follows:—The Comte de Rollecourt, a young officer, has been condemned by court-martial to be shot, but is saved by a friend, who induces the sergeant of the firing party to extract the bullets from the firelocks given to the soldiers. It is supposed that the Count has fallen into a torrent (by the side of which the execution takes place). He, however, flies to a remote village, where he becomes the tenant of Madame Vespina, a young and rich widow, and passes under the name of Monsieur Fabrice. To the village also comes Gina (a daughter of one of the Count's tenants), who has lost her parents, whose home has been destroyed by the Royal troops, and who, unknown to the Count, is deeply in love with him. Gina, hearing in the village that Fabrice requires a housekeeper, offers herself for the situation, and at first sight of Fabrice is much startled by his, as she thinks, extraordinary resemblance to the Count, and immediately becomes imbued with the idea that Fabrice is the Count's phantom or shadow. She tells her story, and is engaged, and discovers that Doctor Mirouet (the village doctor and a friend of Fabrice's) is her guardian. The Doctor wishes to take charge of her, but she declines his offer and decides to remain with Fabrice, to whom she seems drawn by some irresistible spell, and who soon becomes enamoured of her. In a moment of rapture he declares his love, but Gina feels impelled to fly from him, and does so the same night, in the midst of a tempest, the vividness of the lightning causing her to utter a scream, which arouses Fabrice, who rushes after her and is just in time to save her being precipitated into a ravine, which she had in the darkness unconsciously approached. Soon after this, scandalous reports regarding Gina (owing their origin to Madame Vespina) spread through the village, but Fabrice explains, and Madame Vespina begs Gina's forgiveness. Dr. Mirouet discovers that he is much attached to Gina, and offers her his hand, which she is prompted by duty to accept, but she confides the secret of her love for the Count (whom she supposes dead) to Madame Vespina, and in doing so is overheard by Fabrice, who is overjoyed at the discovery of her love for him. The Doctor shortly after pays a visit to a poor patient, lately a soldier in the Count's regiment, and learns from him the story of the Count's escape, and that the captain who saved the Count's life has been betrayed, and is to be shot in place of his friend. Fabrice, on hearing this, feels bound in honour to surrender himself, and leaves for that purpose, bidding farewell to all. Madame Vespina, now become Gina's firm friend, undertakes to get her released from her promise to the Doctor, to whom she discloses the whole story of the Count's identity with Fabrice. Fabrice returns, having been granted a day's respite by his judges, and the Doctor, now knowing the fact of Fabrice's love for Gina, resigns his claim. Fabrice's intentions are to make Gina (to whom he has revealed himself) his wife, and then return to meet his doom. They are married, and he is about leaving, when the Doctor, who had determined to save him, rushes in with a pardon, full and entire, for the Count, who is thus released from his perilous position. The Doctor then proposes to Madame Vespina, is accepted, and the curtain falls on the happiness of all concerned.

It will be seen that the story, apart from a few improbabilities, is interesting, and presents many situations available for the introduction of dramatically-coloured music. It can hardly be said that the composer has turned these opportunities to the fullest account, and the weakest portions of his opera are precisely those where the most powerful musical effects were desirable. It is in the lighter portions of the music, and especially in the concerted scenes, that the chief successes have been made. In these there is a gaiety which recalls the happiest portions of the composer's *Martha*, and the quartette, "Approach, you places take" (Act I.), and "Bride decked in her flowers" (Act II.), although obviously shaped according to the model of the "Spinning Quartette," in the last named work, are bright and vivacious, and were heartily welcomed on Saturday last. The duet between Vespina and Dr. Mirouet, "I did but jest," was capably sung, and the florid passages were so well executed by Madame Bauermeister (Vespina) that persistent efforts were made to obtain an encore. This clever artiste was equally meritorious in the quartette in the first act, which was encored, chiefly because of her skilful vocalisation. As a copious account of the music was given in our "Weekly Musical Review," last week, we need not now recapitulate the names of the various numbers (25 in all) which are comprised in the score of *The Phantom*.

The quality of the performance was not entirely satisfactory, and it was evident that further rehearsals would have been advantageous. Mr. "Talbo" (Mr. Brennan) was so imperfect that some portions of the last act were barely comprehensible, and his acting as Fabrice was tame and awkward. He has a fine voice, and occasionally sang well. Mr. G. Fox was, as usual, perfect in his part, and sang like a cultivated musician. Unluckily, he injured the general effect of the piece by representing the village doctor, Mirouet, as a young man, in the habit of riding about the country in knee breeches, silk stockings, and pumps!—to the surprise of those who have seen the piece played at Paris, and who knew that Mirouet should be represented as a tough, hard-riding country doctor, past the middle age of life. To the two ladies unqualified praise may be given. Madame Bauermeister (Vespina) sang the florid music admirably, and acted with grace and variety. Miss Purdy (Mlle. "Lisa Perdi") undertook the arduous character of Gina, the heroine of the piece, and made a remarkable success. Her previous impersonations of Siebel and Maddalena, had encouraged favourable expectations, but few persons could have anticipated that she would so successfully encounter the trying ordeal of Saturday last. Her clear and sympathetic voice filled every part of the theatre; her phrasing and intonation were excellent; her acting, though occasionally shewing want of stage experience, was full of natural pathos, and she may be expected to attain an enviable position on the operatic stage.

*Maritana* was produced on Tuesday last with great success. Mr. George Perren reproduced his well-known impersonation of Don Cesar de Bazan, and obtained his customary success in "Let me like a soldier fall." His acting would have been more acceptable had he borne in mind that Don Cesar was always a gentleman. Mr. F. H. Celli, as Don Jose, acted well and sang carefully, obtaining a well-deserved encore for "In happy moments." Signor Franceschi (Mr. Foote) made a highly favourable impression as King Charles V., and sang "Hear me, gentle Maritana" better than we have heard it sung for a long time past. Miss Palmer, as Lazarillo, sung well, and deserved an encore for her excellent rendering of "Alas, those chimies!" Of Madame Rose Hersee's impersonation of the title-character, it is only necessary to say that it was worthy of the reputation which she has worthily gained as the head of the English operatic profession. That she

was heartily welcomed, and that in "Scenes that are brightest" she was enthusiastically encored, need hardly be said. At the end of each act, the principal artists were called before the curtain. *Maritana* has seldom been more successfully performed. It was delightful to hear Wallace's masterly orchestration interpreted by the splendid band of Her Majesty's Opera, zealously guided by Mr. Weist Hill. The costumes, scenery, and appointments were worthy of the locale, the brilliantly dressed and numerous corps de ballet did credit to Mlle. Katti Lanner's instructions, and were reinforced by some of that lady's younger pupils. It is evident that Mr. Mapleson has resolved to spare neither trouble nor expense in identifying his magnificent theatre with the cause of English opera.

*Maritana* will be performed for the third time to-night.

## THE DRAMA.

The two leading dramatic events of the week have been the production at the Prince of Wales's on Saturday night of *Diplomacy*, the finally adopted title of Messrs. Saville and Bolton Rowe's English version of M. Victorien Sardou's last successful comedy, *Dora*, of which a notice appears hereafter, and Mr. J. Byron's new comic drama, *A Fool and His Money*, written specially for Mr. Toole, and brought out for the first time at The Globe on Thursday night—too late for noticing this week.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, the Children's ballet-pantomime, *Rose and Marie*, was represented for the last time on Saturday afternoon, and on Saturday night Mr. Mapleson commenced his season of operas in English, with the production for the first time in this country of Flotow's three-act opera, *L'Ombra*, the English libretto by Mr. Gilbert & Beckett, being entitled *The Phantom*. This was repeated on Monday, Wednesday, and last evening, and on Tuesday and Thursday Wallace's *Maritana* was well performed, and will be repeated to-night—detailed notices of both operas are given in another column.

At the Lyceum, Mr. Henry Irving has appeared on alternate evenings during the week in his great impersonations of Lesurques and Dubosc in *The Lyons Mail*, of Charles I. in Mr. Wills's poetical play of that name, and of Mathias in *The Bells*.

The representations of *Simon*, with Mr. James Taylor and Miss Alexandra in the two leading characters, were terminated at the Holborn Amphitheatre on Saturday night.

*Our Boys* reached its third anniversary on Wednesday night, when it was represented for the 968th time, and still draws full audiences to the Vaudeville.

After this week, the children's pantomime, *Robin Hood*, will only be performed at the Adelphi three times in the week, in the afternoons of Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, up to the 9th February.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mr. S. Hayes is carrying out his enterprising endeavour to render this house the permanent home of standard comedy, with great spirit, as well as fidelity to his promised policy of frequent change in his programme. After a fortnight's run, *The School for Scandal*, gave place, on Saturday evening, to Lord Lytton's romantic play of *The Lady of Lyons*, the second of the comedies announced in the preliminary programme, to be brought out here, and which will continue on the bills until the production, probably next Saturday, of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, with Miss Ada Cavendish as Rosalind. The present interpretation of *The Lady of Lyons*, without rising to supreme excellence, is even throughout, and commendably meritorious. Miss Ada Cavendish enters fully into the spirit of the delineation of the different phases of the character of the romantic and proud beauty of Lyons, tender and girlish in the earlier scenes, when fascinated by glowing descriptions of her future princely home, haughty and vehement in her indignation when she discovers the base deception of which she has been the victim, and the gradual awakening of her true woman's nature by the noble reparation made by her repentant peasant husband, was most artistically indicated, and received hearty recognition. Mr. Henry Forrester essayed the part of Claude Melnotte, and although a little heavy, he made the usual traditional points, and the rendition was fairly entitled to praise. Mr. W. H. Stephens, as usual in all he undertakes, was excellent as the bluff but good-hearted soldier, Dumas. Messrs. Belleville and Lin Rayne efficiently represented Beauseant and Glavis; the cast was greatly strengthened by the engagement of Mrs. Chippendale, who sustained with all effect her old part of Madame Deschappelles, and Miss Kate Rivers played the Widow Melnotte with a quiet tenderness and expressive byplay that elicited warm and deserved approbation.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—An amusing farce of the rough and tumble order has recently been produced here, under the title of *Love's Alarms*, as a *lever derideauto La Marjolaine*, which is now closely approaching its hundredth consecutive representation. *Love's Alarms* is an adaptation by Mr. C. M'Rae, of Messrs. Meilhac and Halevy's *Le Bresilien*, another version of which has already been given on the London stage. The story is very simple. A young lady, Alicia, in order to stimulate her lover, one Titus Tiverton, a theatrical manager, to a proposal, engages the services of an impecunious actor, Wurzell Mangold, to impersonate an impetuous Peruvian millionaire, as a rival for her hand. The fun of the trifle, which is fast and furious, arises from the extravagant farcical situations which occur between the pretended Peruvian, personated with grotesque humour by Mr. Lionel Brough, and Titus (Mr. Mervyn), who also appears in disguises, first as a hairdresser and then as a tax-gatherer. Eventually the lady's ruse succeeds. Titus makes the desired proposal for Alicia's hand, and the actor gains an engagement at the theatre, having proved his artistic capacity in the disguise he had assumed. The little piece is briskly acted by Messrs. Lionel Brough and Mervyn, and by Miss Rose Cullen as Alicia; Miss Maude Digby as her friend, Ida Down; and Miss Nicholson as Alicia's soubrette.

In addition to the many regular holiday afternoon representations of the pantomime, the other morning performances to-day will again be very numerous, and comprise, *Engaged* (the last day performance but one) at the Haymarket, *Charles I.* at the Lyceum, *Fatherland* at the Queen's, *Diplomacy* at the Prince of Wales's, *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville; *The Sorcerer*, and G. Grossmith's musical sketch, *A Christmas Pantomime*, at the Opera Comique; *The Red Rover* at the Strand, and *Money* at the Globe, supported by Mr. Henry Neville as Alfred Evelyn; Mr. Charles Collette as Sir John Vesey, Mr. Macklin as Captain Dudley Smooth, Mr. Righton as Graves, Mr. G. W. Anson as Stout, Mrs. John Wood as Lady Franklin, and Miss Blanche Stammers as Clara Douglas.

Morning performances of *The Turn of the Tide* at the Olympic, and of *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville, are announced for next and the following Saturday, the 26th inst, and the 2nd of February.

Mr. S. Hayes announces a morning performance of *London Assurance* at the St. James's Theatre on Wednesday next.

Mr. Gilbert's farcical comedy *Engaged*, notwithstanding its great success at the Haymarket, must be withdrawn from the bills after Friday week, in consequence of arrangements long previously made with Miss Neilson, who commences an engagement here on Saturday, February 2, when she will appear as Viola in

Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*. The last morning performance of *Engaged* will be given next Saturday, the 26th inst.

Wednesday next, the 23rd instant, is fixed for the re-opening of the New Philharmonic Theatre, with a revival of *Genevieve de Brabant*.

## PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

The long-promised English version, by Messrs. Saville and Bolton Rowe, of M. Victorien Sardou's comedy, *Dora*, produced at this theatre on Saturday under the title of *Diplomacy*, has achieved a triumph as genuine as it was deserved, and surpassing even that of *Caste*, the first of the Robertsonian successes. In the English version the adaptors have made some judicious changes, the principal of which are transforming the hero and his friend, in the original the former a French naval officer and the latter a member of the Chamber of Deputies, into brothers and Englishmen, Captain Julian Beaulerc, military attaché to the Embassy at Vienna, and his elder brother, Henry, chief secretary to the English Embassy at Paris; the amalgamation and compression of the first two acts of the original into one; and advancing the period of the action from that of the Franco-German War to the spring of last year, when the Eastern Question engaged the attention of all Europe. The simple but deeply interesting story, admirably constructed, and skilfully developed, through numerous novel incidents, and cleverly-designed subtle complications of the original, is closely followed in *Diplomacy*, as represented in four acts at the Prince of Wales's. The first act which takes place at Monte Carlo, a suburb of Nice, serves to introduce the several characters in the story, and their relative positions and motives. They comprise Captain Julian Beaulerc and his brother Henry, already mentioned, (represented respectively by Mr. Kendal and Mr. Clayton), the Marquise de Rio-Zares (Miss Le Thiere), and her charming daughter Dora (Mrs. Kendal), the former a scheming adventuress, claiming to be the widow of a Spanish Grandee, once president of Paraguay, and who is in the pay of a certain Baron Stein (Mr. Arthur Cecil), a diplomatist, and an agent of the Russian Secret Police; a mysterious lady, the Comtesse Zicka (Mrs. Bancroft), another paid political spy of Baron Stein's, and whose evil machinations are the cause of all the troubles endured by the hero and heroine in the course of the play. Lady Henry Fairfax (Miss Lamartine), another political intrigante, and her step son, Algie Fairfax (Mr. Sudgen), a young attaché, not in the original piece, and Count Orloff (Mr. Bancroft) an exiled Russian Noble and a particular friend of Captain Beaulerc's. Count Orloff is, though at the risk of his life, about to return to Russia on important business, and previous to his departure presents his photograph to Dora, who places it in her album, whence it is purloined by the Countess Zicka and given to Baron Stein. From this serious results ensue, as shown in the next act. Julian Beaulerc is fascinated by Dora, and notwithstanding the strong remonstrances on the part of his brother Henry, proposes for her hand. The love scene in which Julian makes his offer is charmingly acted by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Dora, at first, will not listen to the ardent protestations of Julian, although she inwardly loves him, thinking that they are as false and specious as many she has previously been subjected to from others; but awakened to the true nature of his proposal in asking her to become his wife, she impulsively nestles her fair head on his breast and joyfully gives her consent: the curtain of Act I. falling as the affianced pair are the central figures of a happy group, consisting of all the other dramatis personae, except Count Orloff, now on his way to Russia, and the disappointed Zicka, who cherished an ardent love for Julian, and stands apart, meditating revenge in her suppressed jealousy. The succeeding acts take place in Paris. The second in the apartments of Henry Beaulerc on the day of the marriage of Julian and Dora, who are about starting to Vienna on their honeymoon. Baron Stein, by the promise of a large reward, induces the Countess Zicka to undertake to abstract from Julian's dispatch box, an important document, a tracing of the projected fortifications of Constantinople, which had been entrusted to the new military attaché. How the Comtesse by a series of adroit manoeuvring obtains the keys of the dispatch box, abstracts the coveted document, and secretly encloses it in the envelope, containing a mere courteous letter of apology she has induced Dora to write to the Baron, would take too long to detail. The fatal envelope, also directed by Dora, is despatched to the Baron by the Marquise. An intensely dramatic scene now ensues between Count Orloff and the two brothers. A scene, so exciting and well conceived, and so effectively enacted by Messrs. Kendal, Clayton, and Bancroft, that of itself would secure the success of the play. Count Orloff unexpectedly returns, and calls upon his old friends, the Beaulercs, unaware of the marriage of Julian, Orloff congratulates him on not becoming involved in the toils of the Marquise and her daughter Dora, both of whom he denounces as adventuresses and paid political spies. The entrance of Dora at this moment to tell her husband she is ready to start, shows Orloff the error he has unconsciously committed, and overwhelms him with grief and regret. Julian, having induced Dora to retire, sternly demands an explanation from Count Orloff, who tenders the humblest apologies and excuses, declaring he was in error, spoke rashly, must be mistaken, anything to repair the cruel suspense and doubt his accusations caused his friend. Julian is not satisfied, and demands that the Count shall explain fully the grounds of his expressed calumny or meet him in a duel. The cool-headed Henry Beaulerc now interferes, and suggests that as a man of honour the Count is bound to reveal the whole of the grounds of accusation, painful though the ordeal may be to all. The count, thereupon in subdued and fearful tones, relates that the moment he crossed the border, on his way to St. Petersburg, he was arrested by the police, and only narrowly escaped imprisonment, and probable death for returning to Russia, through the interest of an influential official, his friend, who showed him the photograph by which he was recognised. This photograph was the one he, the count, had presented to Dora, and bore her inscription on the back of it. This was evidence strong enough of Dora's duplicity, but a gleam of hope of her innocence raised in her husband's mind through the kindly meant suggestion of Henry's, that the photograph, after all, might have been stolen from Dora's album, is soon again overshadowed by the discovery by Julian, that the tracing has been stolen from his dispatch box. In the third act the brothers manage by a ruse to recover from Baron Stein a letter, as yet unopened, which they had ascertained from a servant, had been sent to the baron that morning by the Marquise. In that letter they fortunately find the purloined tracing, accompanied by the formal letter of apology, before alluded to, written by Dora. This finally convinces Julian of his wife's guilt; and another highly dramatic scene and situation follow and end the act. Julian accuses his wife of the thefts and political betrayals, offering to forgive her if she will only confess her complicity. Dora, filled with indignation and rage, casts back with scorn the imputations which she is too proud to deny, or attempt to do so, and after an exciting and highly wrought scene, Julian leaves her for ever, while Dora, after a frantic effort to burst open the locked door to follow him, sinks swooning on the ground. In the last act, the innocence of Dora is clearly proved by the shrewdness of the cool and observant elder brother, Henry Beaulerc, who through a curious Japanese perfume used by the

Comtesse Zicka, becomes convinced that she is the guilty party; and, by an artfully designed ruse, compels her to confess her crimes in the presence of all the assembled characters, the curtain dropping on the restored happiness of Julian and Dora. The interpretation of the respective characters is throughout incomparably excellent and conspicuous for high artistic finish and careful study. Mr. Bancroft as Count Orloff, Mr. Kendal as the young husband, driven to agony by the seeming proofs of his bride's baseness and duplicity, and Mr. John Clayton as the calm, shrewd, and clear-headed diplomatist, have never acted with greater art and finish; Mr. Arthur Cecil's wily political agent, Baron Stein, both in make-up and every detail of action and by-play, is a perfect study; Mr. Sugden imparted brightness in the interpolated part of Algie Fairfax, and Messrs. Deane and Teesdale aided in the completeness of the ensemble in two minor parts. Mrs. Kendal made a charming heroine, in Dora, and in the great scene of indignation at her husband's accusation, displayed unwonted power and intensity. Miss Le Thiere and Miss Lamartine intelligently, and with excellent effect, represent the Marquise and Lady Fairfax, and Miss Ida Hertz gave a good character sketch of the French soubrette, Mion. Lastly, Mrs. Bancroft invested the very wicked and unsympathetic character of the Comtesse Zicka with a charm peculiarly her own. Seldom on the London stage has been seen such touching and unforced pathos indicated by mere facial expression as Mrs. Bancroft displayed in the final scene, when the discomfited Comtesse makes her enforced confession of guilt.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

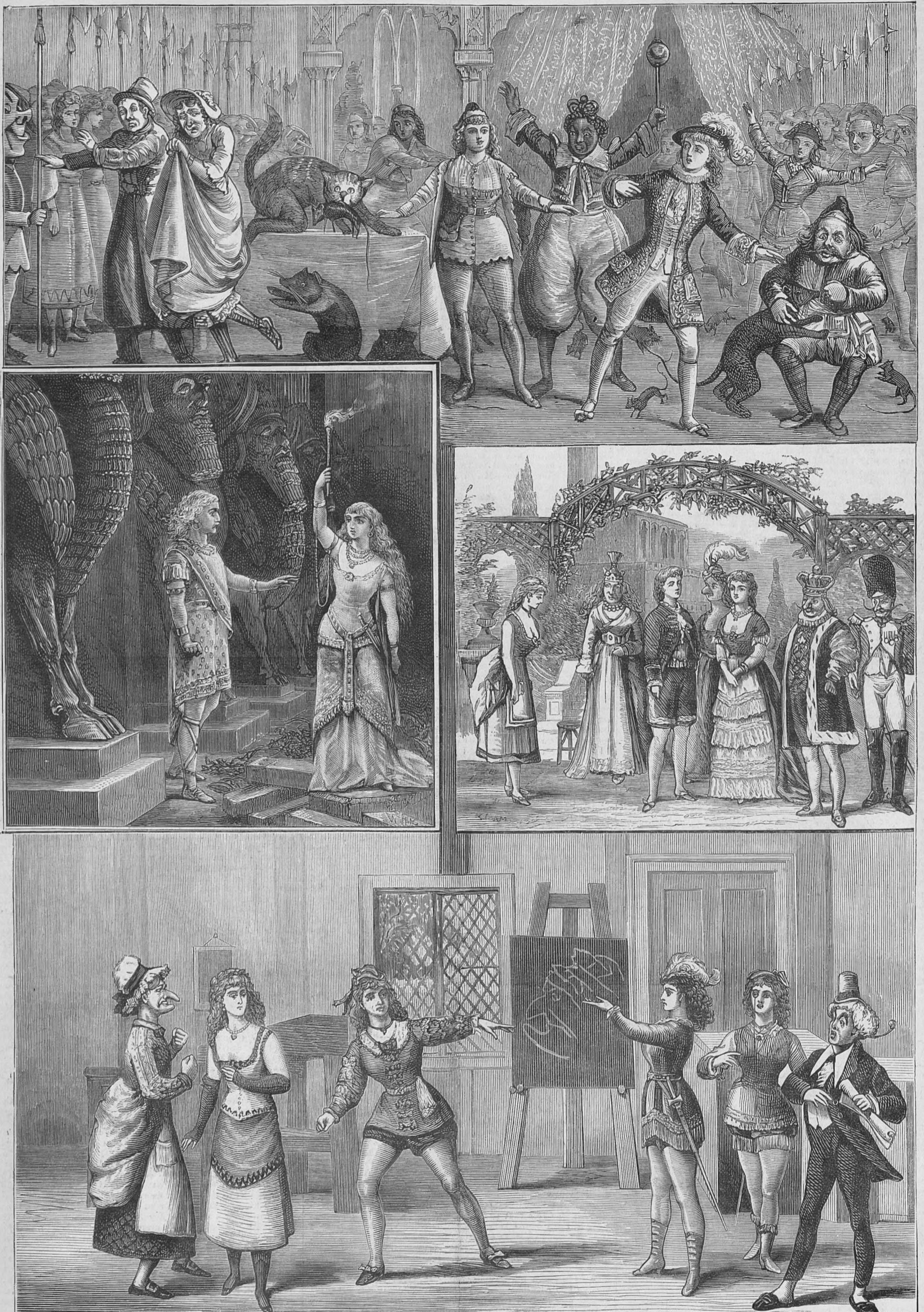
LONDON AND SUBURBAN.—The continued success of *Jane Shore* still excludes *Elfinella*, which was got ready for the Christmas holidays.—At Sanger's Amphitheatre, the pantomime now concludes with a spectacular scene, representing a battle between the Russians and the Turks, represented by about four hundred children.—There is a rumour afloat which says that Mr. Gye has engaged a Maltese lady, who is "another Patti" for seven years.—A correspondent of the *Liverpool Courier* says: "It is rumoured that Miss Viola Dacre, with *Sardanapalus*, lost £200 at the Duke's Theatre in six weeks," and yet the Duke's has always been a well filled house on the occasions when our friends have visited it, and was so when Mr. A. H. Wall made the sketch from *Sardanapalus*, which appears on another page. Still it may be, for the revival was of necessity a very costly one, the pecuniary success of which could only be secured by a fairly long run.—Mr. Coe has not yet handled the cool "thou" awarded him for wrongful dismissal. The defendants having again appealed against the verdict.—During the night of the 5th inst. the premises of Mr. May, theatrical costumier, in Bow-street, were completely destroyed by fire, amongst the articles consumed were several valuable theatrical documents and relics.—John Harrison's, the well-known theatrical costumier of Bow-street, remains were interred on Saturday at Highgate.—"Alma viva" says: "Mr. Arthur Darley's line is something unique in the dramatic profession, for, taking into consideration the number of times he has played *Sardanapalus*—in town and country—it may be styled (without much mighty hunting after a happy phrase) the Line of Nimrod."—A contributor to a contemporary says, you will never guess an interpretation of F.S.D.A. after a name, and so I may as well tell you at once that the mysterious letters signify "Fellow of the School of Dramatic Art." For your information, also, I may say that the said "school" is in Woburn-square, that Mr. Charles Sleight is the "boss," and that for the trifling fee of two guineas per month he undertakes to polish up the raw material, and to turn stage-struck young gentlemen into first-rate actors. Mr. Sleight says that sixty-nine performances have been given since the foundation of the institute, and that they have been favourably noticed on not less than eighty-six different occasions. How the seventeen which have not taken place came to be noticed he does not condescend to tell us.—Several engagements have already been made for the Covent Garden pantomime of 1878-79, which will be under the management of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti, associated with Mr. C. Harris.—Mr. W. G. Wills is dramatising the *Vicar of Wakefield* for the Court Theatre.—Mr. Phelps returns to the Aquarium Theatre, where the daily *matinées* continue to grow in popularity, on the 17th of February, in *Richelieu*, when Miss Litton will also appear. After *Richelieu*, *She Stoops to Conquer* is promised, and at Easter, Mr. Frank Marshall's new comedy will be produced.—The *Referee* asks Mr. George Augustus Sala if he really thinks that those articles which he has been penning for a contemporary on "The Stage, Past, Present, and Coming," are valuable contributions to dramatic literature? and adds, do you ever reflect that, in the terrible blunders you are committing, you are making yourself a laughing-stock for the merest tryo in playgoing? Only three or four weeks ago I found you slandering the dead Macready, telling the public how brutally he treated your "poor brother," and exposing your own crass ignorance of "Othello" by describing how the Moor, having stabbed himself, leans upon the shoulder of Roderigo, who has some time before received his *quietus* through the foul machinations of Iago. In a recent article you return to the charge thus:—"In particular do I remember the astounding impression produced upon me by Macready's vehement self-assertion in *Rob Roy*, when, turning upon Frank Osbaldistone, he exclaims, 'Campbell me no Campbells. My foot is on my native heath, and my name's Macgregor.' That was another utterance of pure human passion reeled straight off." Now, Mr. George Augustus, you must have been "very, very young," and perhaps you will be surprised to hear that Rob Roy makes no such speech, and that Macready's "vehement self-assertion" is a creature of your wild imagination. The words—some of them—are spoken by Helen Macgregor, who turns not upon Frank Osbaldistone, but upon Bailie Nicol Jarvie:—"Ye'll maybe hae forgotten me, Mistress Campbell," says the Bailie; and Helen interrupts with, "How, Campbell! My foot is on my native heath," &c. Mr. S., in his "Echoes of the Week," in the *Illustrated London News*, recently repudiated the idea that he is theatrical, and, judging by the blunders I have enumerated, he will do well to let "the stage" alone.—*The Spectre Knight*, by Messrs. Alberty and Cellier, will be produced on this day week.—Miss Eastlake is recovering her health.—Mr. Bentham is on the eve of forsaking the Opera Comique.—Miss Alice May has been engaged for the Philharmonic.—Joseph Hutton expressing surprise that a contemporary should treat "dramatised novels" as failures, points out that *The Jealous Wife*, *The Colleen Bawn*, *The Woman in White*, *Henry Dunbar*, *Ought We to Visit Her?* *East Lynne*, and *The Turn of the Tide*, and many of Shakespeare's plays are "dramatised versions of novels." French playwrights, who are so much esteemed in England, find some of their most effective plots in novels.

PROVINCIAL.—An important decision, which, it is presumed, will settle the dispute between the Dean and Chapter of Worcester and the stewards of the Worcester festivals, which has so long been the subject of controversy, has been announced. It will be remembered that after the last festival of the three choirs at Gloucester three months ago the question of reviving the Worcester festival (which has been in abeyance since 1872) was re-

opened. A long correspondence between Earl Beauchamp, as chairman of the Worcester Festival Committee, and the Dean of Worcester, on behalf of the Chapter, took place, which ended in a general agreement on certain points and a resolution to refer others to the arbitration of the Bishop of the diocese. His award was made known last evening. The Bishop in his judgment directs that a certain form of service shall be used daily before and after the oratorio. This is a short service of a few collects and *præces*. With regard to the most important point on which the Festival Committee and the Chapter differed—i.e., the admission of the public to the cathedral—the Bishop determines that admission shall be by cards obtainable from the secretaries or agents of the Festival Committee, who will issue them to subscribers to the fund for discharging the expenses of the festival. The list of the subscriptions to this fund is to be kept open until the time fixed for the commencement of the service, so that subscribers can obtain their cards of admission at any time on paying an adequate "subscription." The seats are all to be numbered, and the cards will be numbered also. If the Dean and Chapter contribute, as they proposed to do, £500 to the fund, they are to have a corresponding number of cards of admission. The whole available space in the nave, aisle, and transepts is to be reserved for the use of subscribers, and the choir and its aisles are to be placed at the disposal of the Dean and Chapter, for the admission of a limited number of persons at their discretion. His lordship, in concluding his judgment, expressed a hope that it will ensure harmonious action, and that a festival may be provided which "shall promote the great objects which both alike desire—the cultivation of sacred music, the enjoyment and edification of man, and the honour and glory of Almighty God." It is expected that this decision will be satisfactory on both sides.—Manchester is to have another theatre, to be devoted to burlesque and farces, the site is selected and the architect engaged.—Mr. C. Cobb, formerly proprietor of the Brighton Theatre, died in that town on the 29th ult., aged ninety-one. He was the son of the manager of Brighton's first theatre.—On the 28th ult., an original operetta by Julian Edwards, called *Buckingham*, was produced at the Town Hall, Northampton.—Manchester may have a chance of witnessing a semi-historical drama "illustrative of Indian life and English rule," written by Mr. C. H. Stephenson, and originally produced for the old Manchester favourite, Miss Amy Sedgwick, at a London theatre.—Miss E. Toms, of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, has been engaged for twelve months after the termination of the pantomime.—Mr. F. Maccabe will shortly commence a new tour in the provinces, previous to his abandoning professional life and settling in Australia.

FOREIGN.—*The Mother's Secret*, after a run of forty-six nights at the Union Square Theatre, New York, has been withdrawn and an adaptation of Octave Feuiller's *Mountjoye* has taken its place.—At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, Mlle. Helen Modjeska (the Countess of Bozenta) has been playing with great success, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*.—At the Park Theatre, New York, Miss Mabel Jordan has made her first appearance. She is young, beautiful, and intelligent, and the critics regard her as a promising actress.—Mr. Boucicault has opened in *The Shaughraun* at the Grand Opera House, New York.—Charles Fechter, at the Broadway Theatre, New York, is doing a fair share of good business.—The London Circus, at Gilmore's Gardens, has terminated its engagement.—A new play, by W. S. Gilbert, is in rehearsal at Wallack's Theatre.—Miss Fanny Davenport, on concluding her present engagement at Booth's Theatre, will accompany Mr. Daly to England, where she will commence a starring tour. A New York paper says:—"With all our respect for the lady's abilities, we greatly doubt her success on the other side. There is one great fault—a want of repertoire. Mabel in *Pique* is really her only original part, and this is not enough. The Shakespearian drama she had better not attempt there."—*The New York Dramatic News* tells us that "when Lydia Thompson, Emily Duncan, Alice Burville, W. H. Leigh, Mr. Saker, and Mr. Connolly left for England, there was a great deal of hand-shaking and some tears. Lydia herself picked up some earth and kissed it, as a token of gratitude to a land which had brought her so much money, and a people that had been kind to her. It also meant her farewell for ever. Of the remainder not one will be missed."—Mlle. Litta, at the Salle Ventadour, in the part of Aina, has been less successful than in her preceding personation, the "Lucia" of Donizetti. The styles of the two operas are essentially different, Bellini's being of pastoral simplicity, the melodies being unaccompanied by any ornate vocalisation, and resting for approval altogether on their own innate beauty. But Mlle. Litta, in place of bearing in mind the composer's manifest intention, departed over and over again from the text, introducing such runs and flourishes as totally destroyed the character of the music. In "Lucia," where everything is florid, such liberties are less noticed, and hence Mlle. Litta there succeeded better.—Salvini, in *La Morte Civile*, has played to only a moderately filled house.—The melodrama of *Fuad's* in five acts, by MM. Deputy and Grangé, has been revived.—Mlle. Legault, one of the favourite actresses of the Gymnase, has contracted an engagement for the next season at the French Theatre in St. Petersburg.—The *Tzigane* has produced in sixty-five performances, a sum of 227,250fr., or an average of 3,650fr. per night. Yet, notwithstanding the eloquence of those figures, the piece will be soon withdrawn, the director, M. Koning, having engaged to produce the *Petit Duc*, by MM. Meilhac, Halévy, and Lecocq, between the 25th and 30th of January.—Much has been lately said at Madrid about the success of the three-act drama, entitled *A Slave to Honour*, which has been represented at the Spanish Theatre, its author being only eighteen years of age. The *Epoca* wonders how so young a man could have learned the art of weaving a dramatic intrigue combining tact with the comprehensive view which harmonises the action throughout. There is no hesitation, no false step, nothing which betrays an inexperienced hand. According to the Milanese journal, *Il Trovatore*, forty new operas by Italian composers were produced during the year 1877. Thirty-six of these were brought forward on Italian stages; one (Rossi's *Biorn*) in London, one in Malta, one in St. Petersburg, and one in Mexico.—While the Théâtre Français is undergoing some projected repairs, the company has arranged to pay a visit to London.—Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt—who last week gave a dinner to Victor Hugo, to which more than a hundred and forty distinguished guests were invited—is learning English, in order that she may play one or two Shakespearian parts in the original language in this country.—Mme. Nilsson is on her way to Vienna.—M. Leo Délibes has returned to Paris.—Mme. Judie is performing at Monte Carlo.—An operetta called *Acéon*, is in rehearsal at the Palais Royal.—Mme. Léqault has been engaged for St. Petersburg.—Madame Christine Nilsson made a remarkable success at St. Petersburg as Valentina, in "Les Huguenots," and the chief journalists of the Russian capital concur in declaring that the great Swedish artist has, within the last three years, acquired a power of voice and a dramatic energy which qualify her for the great tragic rôles of the lyric drama.—"That little Boston card of Florence's," says the *New York Dramatic News*, "in which he adverts to 'his friends on the press,' reminds me of a conversation I had but a week ago with an ex-*Herald* critic, who, speaking of the characters of different professionals, said of Mr. Florence, 'I don't like him because he is insincere. When I was critic, he used to come down

town, ask me out to lunch, invite me to drive, and even once sent me a present for my baby on its first birthday. I met Florence on Broadway one day, about three months after I had lost my position. I never was so taken aback in my life as to see him cut me dead, without even a nod of recognition. I didn't see him after for about a year. Florence joined our crowd one day; we were taking a drink at the Union Palace Hotel; and I'll be hanged if he didn't have to be introduced to me.' I judge from this that Billy, when speaking of his 'press friends,' means only those who remain in power." The *Echo* tells us that the efforts of a young actress are too frequently marred by the injudicious compliments of foolish admirers, and gives as an instance the following:—"On Thursday, at the Queen's, when Miss Maud Milton, in *Fatherland*, immediately making her appearance, had thrown to her a handsome bouquet. Very wisely she treated it with indifference; and the impulsive youth who had wasted his money on it had the mortification of seeing it picked up, at the termination of the act, by one of the stage attendants. He will do well to shun bouquets for the rest of his life." Wasn't this a little too severe Miss M. M.? I ladies on the stage are only to accept the bouquets after they have fairly earned them the attendants at some of the houses will have enough to do between the acts.—The Théâtre Français, last year made a net profit of nearly £20,000, a sum which will be divided among the *sociétaires* exclusively. It is doubtful if the theatre has ever been as prosperous as under the direction of M. Emile Perrin, who was, as usual, appointed by the Government.—A correspondent from Breslau writes to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that the musical director, Herr H. J. Vincent, the latest advocate of the new key-board, delivered a few days ago a lecture on this subject in the music-hall of the University of Breslau. The new key-board has already given rise to much discussion in Germany. Herr Vincent asserted that the introduction of a new notation was a "postulate" necessarily associated with it as its written image. Both are consequences of that new view of the essentially chromatic character of the sound-world, which is (he said) forcing its way into universal acceptance. Both of them are the expression of this view in its double relation; for the chromatic key-board is nothing else but an embodied notation, while the notation may be described as an abstract written key-board; they reciprocally correspond to each other. The lecturer declared that the only road to a really simple theory of music was to accept the chromatic system as the origin and foundation of the diatonic. The scale of seven notes must be viewed and treated as a corollary deduced from the scale of 12; therefore, the chromatic is the parent of the diatonic system. But this theory leads us directly to the adoption of the new chromatic key-board, and a system of notation adapted to it without keys or clefs. Herr Vincent purposes visiting most of the principal towns in Germany to lecture on his special subject.—A grand circus, capable of holding 3,500 persons, and stabling for 125 horses, has been completed at Brussels, under the special patronage and sanction of the King. On the opening day, when the King and Queen of the Belgians were present, the entertainment concluded with a pantomime spectacle called *The Journey of the Prince of Wales to India*.—Mrs. Maria Wilkins, who once belonged to the Haymarket Company, has long been a stock actress in America. She has commenced an action against the management of the Union Square Theatre, New York, alleging that she contracted a severe illness at that theatre in consequence of the laborious nature of the task she was called upon to perform when playing with Miss Kate Claxton (the heroine of the Brooklyn fire), in the *Two Orphans*, and that during her absence another actress was engaged to fill her place, and the manager has declined to reinstate her. Mr. Davis, the lady's husband, having been interviewed on the subject, gave the following particulars, which will be found to contain some rather remarkable information respecting the manner in which Miss Claxton obtains her "effects." Mr. Palmer has not notified my wife that she can no longer consider herself as a member of the Union Square Company, and while I do not, of course, demand that she be paid any salary for the time she was sick, I do insist that her salary should be commenced from the time she reported for duty to Mr. Palmer. All the more so that her severe illness was induced directly by the work she did in the theatre. The disease was asthma. It was brought about by playing in the *Two Orphans*. You remember the scene in the last act of the *Two Orphans*, where Frochard carries Louise up the stairs? When acting this scene with Miss Claxton, the latter used to bear her entire weight, and Mrs. Wilkins had to carry her up stairs by main force. This over-exertion finally produced a breaking of the stomach band—water flowed to the heart, thence to the throat, and this brought about the asthma. She was attended by Dr. Wood and others for some months, but to no purpose. Dr. Alonzo Clark really cured her in one week. My wife used to tell Miss Claxton that she was being injured by carrying her up the stairs, and used to ask her to help herself. It could have been done easily, without the audience seeing it, but Miss Claxton believed in realism, and carried out her faint to the life. It is perfectly true, and I can vouch for it, that what was known as the Claxton shiver was not assumed. Miss Claxton would stand in the wings with a couple of pounds of pulverised ice hanging round her neck, and when she went on, she shivered in reality. Sometimes I have seen her go to the stage door, of a cold, winter night, and stand in the open air bareheaded. When first I saw her do this, I asked one of the hands what Miss Claxton was doing, and she said, 'Oh, she's only practising her shivers.' We used to advise her against the habit, telling her she would catch her death, but nothing would do. It is this realism which has injured my wife. Why, when she played Frochard over at the Grand Opera House, with Nina Varian as Louise, she had no trouble at all, because Miss Varian would help herself up the steps; but Miss Claxton is a pretty good weight, and it needed great strength to lift her. I hope Mr. Palmer will see things in the right light and settle this matter satisfactorily. My wife has been offered several engagements, in the belief she had left the Union-square, but to do that would be to break her contract. We have been married eighteen years, and before that, she was the wife of the great Sergeant Wilkins, the English lawyer, for twenty years.—Madame Pauline Lucca having demanded, and obtained, £240 a night, in Madrid, the prices of seats had to be raised. The people crowded the house, but hissed Madame Pauline Lucca off the stage, so that she felt compelled to tender her resignation.—M. Alexandre Dumas has read his new play of *Balsamo*, taken from his father's novel of *Les Mémoires d'un Médecin*, to the artists of the Odéon. It is a piece of portentous length, being in eight *tableaux*, with a prologue and an epilogue. The leading female character, that of Andrée de Tavernay will be confided to Mlle. Julien, the young lady who took the first prize in tragedy at the *concours* of the Conservatoire last summer. La Fontaine will impersonate Balsamo; Marais, Gilbert; Talien, Louis XV.; and Mlle. Léonide Leblanc will play Mme. Dubarry, to whose portraits she is said to have a strong resemblance.—Ella Chapman, who got 150dols. a week in the Tompson Troupe, is content, says the *New York Dramatic News*, to go for 100dols. to the Globe, Boston. She will probably be satisfied with less before the season is over. She ought to have gone back. England is a better market for new goods than America.—Yet another unacted play, by the late M. Theodore Barriere, in three acts, will very shortly be brought out at the *Fantasies Parisiennes*.—Signor Rossi made his daughter a gift on her wedding-day of £800.



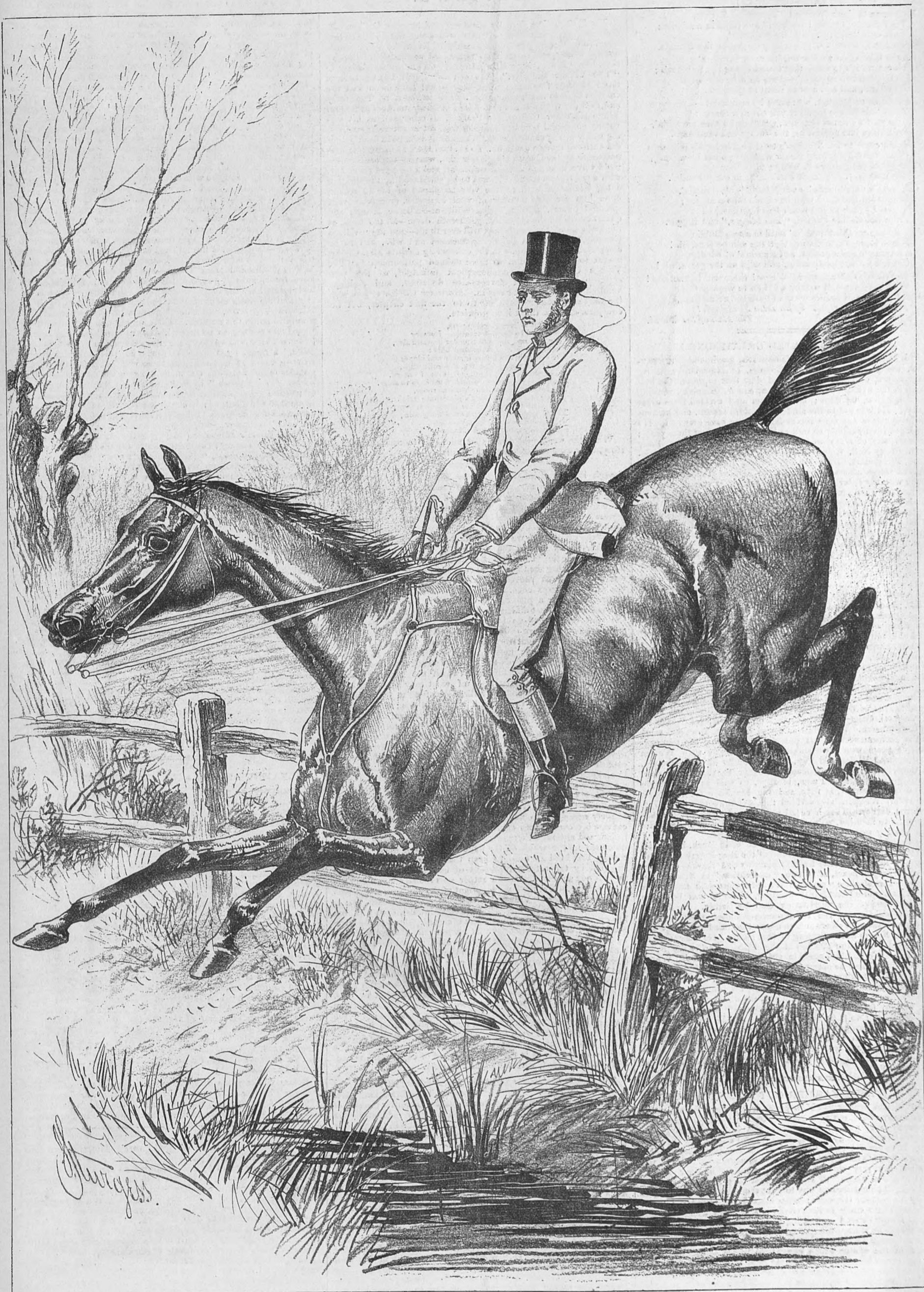
SKETCHES FROM THE THEATRES.

Scene from the Pantomime of *Dick Whittington and His Cat*, at the Surrey Theatre.

Scene from *Sardanapalus*, at the Duke's Theatre.

Scene from *The Rose and the Ring*, at the Royal Polytechnic Institution.

Scene from the Pantomime of *Harlequin Jack in the Box and Little Bo-Peep*, at the Marylebone Theatre.



"CLEVERLY DONE!"

## SONG OF "THE SEVEN."

(AIR—APPARENT.)

BAD scan to these factions! Tyrannical Saxons,  
They shout "Order! order!" five times in a minute;  
It's not only vexin', but slightly perplexin',  
To know when a Mimer may spake in the Sinnate.  
On the flure when we rise on, 'tis raaly surprisin'  
How hard it's to catch that fished eye of the Spayker's;  
Like Cyclops he's squintin'—shure he'd be previntin'  
Us talkin', and make us as silent as Quakers.  
Propose an amindmint, we're met by resintmint—  
The whole House together yell out in a chorus:  
To the pint we're not spaykin', words down they are takin',  
Both sides jine against us, the Whigs and the Tories.  
Though come to St. Stephen's to state Oireland's grievance  
(With forty-horse lung power we keep up our screechin'),  
The gift of the gab or enjurance for jabber  
Are useless—the Saxons won't heed to our preechin'.  
Our work's unproductiv', each Mimer's obstruativ',  
Pigheaded and crass with less brain than a nigger;  
The dull English nation won't larn jiggislayshun  
From Solons like Parnell, "The Meejor," and Biggar.  
We'll keep up this throublin' until in swate Dublin  
Home Rule is established, then fun will be seen, Sir!  
Such turnule and shindies, and smashin' of windies,  
Crack'd pates, bloody noses, and wigs on the green, Sir!  
Why talk of Obstructions? Whew! there will be ructions!  
With pottheen and whisky we'll go to work gaily;  
Och! jabber and chatther—as to business, no matter,  
The Mace we'll replace by an Irish Shillelagh!

The Man of the World.

## FOUR CELEBRATED GREYHOUNDS.

It is sufficient to say that the famous stud greyhound COUNTRY-MAN, the property of Mr. B. Colman, of Newmarket, is by Regulus out of Ristori, a sire and dam that represent the best blood in the world. He won about 27 courses in public, winning the Brigg Cup, 64 dogs; he also won and divided three other stakes. He was put to the stud in his third season, and perhaps has been one of the most successful dogs we have ever had. No stock has been running so well as his during the last three years; he is the sire of many winners, including Palm Flower, Polly Ann, Pretty Nell, Caius, Woldman, Puzzle, Palmer, Palmerstone, Pickpocket, Dark Rustic, Pansy, June Rose, Colonist, besides many others. Palm Flower divided the Newmarket Stake with her sister Polly Ann, the former is one of the best bitches out this season, and she will probably run in Mr. Colman's nomination for the Waterloo Cup.

MONARCH is by Brigadier out of Regal State, by Patent out of Royal Bride, by Mechanic. He is the property of Mr. T. L. Reed, by whom he was bred. As a puppy he was in the last four in the West Norfolk Cup at Marsham, in 1870, and won the subscription cup in December following; these were his early starts. The next year he was beaten in the Elm Cup, and divided the Patshull Stakes at Wolverhampton with Electric Light, and was then put to the stud. He was a remarkably fast game dog, and is sire of many winners, amongst which are Royal Consort, Edict, Bracelet, King Cole, Eikon, Earl King, Gemma, Examiner, Good Queen, Grace, Laird o' the Glen, Whiskey, Great Heart, and many others. His colour is black and white, and he is marked exactly as his sire. His running weight was 66lbs.

BLUEBEARD is by Boanerges—Bertha, Boanerges by Canarado—Baffle, Bertha by David—Patch, well known on the Wiltshire hills for his staying powers, was, when running, not at all a lucky animal, as he never had enough, and was perpetually getting on to fresh hares, having to be drawn twice for the Craven Cup when well in. His best performance was winning the All-Aged Stakes of the South of England Club, November, 1874, beating (1) Gaiety, (2) Catharine, (3) Spinster, (4) Celandine, (5) Christchurch. His claims as a stud dog rest, however, more on the performances of his progeny, they having for two consecutive years won the Ashdown Derby, firstly with Warren Hastings and Wolsey, 86 dogs, 1875; secondly with Winchelsea, 53 dogs, 1876; Wellingtonia, own sister to the former pair, winning the Waterloo Purse, in 1876, as well as the Temple Stakes, at Blankney, in 1875, and the Blankney Cup, in 1876. Her sister, Weigelia, also divided the Ashdown Oaks, in 1875, with 103 entries. They have all won several smaller stakes, too numerous to mention. There are also a number of his puppies now running, several of whom give great promise.

MASTER M'FURK is by Harpist out of Wild Duck, by Baffle. She was beaten in the second round of the Dog Puppy Stakes at Brigg, in 1873, and—after beating Slumber and Raven—he went down before Sunbeam, after two "undecideds," at Scanthorpe, another Lincolnshire meeting. We next meet with him at the South Lancashire (Southport) Meeting, where he was beaten in the first round of the Scarisbrook Cup by Selbig. He divided the Rowland Cup at the Barton-upon-Humber Meeting with Honour Bright, and afterwards ran into the third round for the Blankney Stakes at the meeting of that name. He succeeded in running into the latter position at the Elsham Cup at the Brigg Meeting. We find him again in the Scarisbrook Cup. Whatever outside chance he might have had in the Waterloo Cup was extinguished by being drawn with Honeymoon, the winner, to whom he had to lower his colours. Oddly enough he was "extinguished" in the same way by Gilderoy, the winner, when he came out to fight for the Purse. He was subsequently successful in the Blankney Cup (a 64 dog stake, value £214), beating Royal Consort. This ranks as one of his best performances. We find him afterwards chronicled as the winner of the Holbeach Marsh Farmers' Cup (32 dogs). His career at the stud is sufficiently well-known to preclude any necessity for our dealing with it at length.

## A NEW JERSEY FARMER OUT RABBIT SHOOTING.

The sketch represents a New Jersey or "Jersey" farmer, as he is generally called, out with his dogs for a day's rabbit shooting. In nearly every part of New Jersey, and in fact all through the Eastern States, rabbits are very plentiful and offer a very fair sport when birds are not to be had. They are not gregarious animals like the English rabbit, and do not live in warrens or holes in the ground, but very closely resemble the hare in their habits, squatting in a "form" as she does, and they are quite as wary and shy. The commonest way to hunt them is with dogs, beagles being the best for the work; when started the rabbit will generally describe a circle in his running, so that the sportsman can nearly always depend on getting a shot if he remains close to the spot where he started the quarry. The farmers have very little time to devote to such frivolities, but sometimes a day will be found in the winter which cannot be better spent, and then taking down his old gun or musket, and with his powder in a horn and his shot (of which there are a dozen sizes jumbled together) in a bottle, he will start out to make a day of it, and despite his poor rig and his unsportsmanlike appearance he will manage to bring home a very decent bag. Our man has just mounted a stump to get a better view of the surrounding country, and is urging his dogs on what appears to be a hot scent.

## REVIEWS.

*The Village Comedy.* By Mortimer and Frances Collins. In three volumes. Hurst and Blackett.—It would not be fair to this novel to treat it in the ordinary fashion. Even the rules which obtain when dealing with an unfinished monument of literary skill, like "Philip," or "Edwin Drood," do not properly apply to "The Village Comedy." We can apprehend but dimly from those glorious fragments what they would have been had the creators lived to finish their work. The methods of Thackeray and Dickens were not the methods of ordinary masters of fiction. When Mortimer Collins, and Frances, his other self, as his singularly congenial wife undoubtedly was, set about their comedy, the valley of the shadow of death appeared as remote from either dramatist as remote could be. To see him then, as many a curious passenger by the Oxford Coach saw him, wearing the well-known "old velvet coat and a white waistcoat, and a battered straw hat, with a red ribbon round it," was to be gladdened by the sight of a big handsome man in the very lustyhood of life to reckon upon him for any number of vital comedies, graceful novels, splendid poems, rippling lyrics, White-of-Selborne letters, and quaint essays on the art of living. Death came—all too soon, as the idolaters of the gentle poet will ever think—and the "Village Comedy," which was begun by husband and wife, had to be completed by her alone. In the concluding chapter Mrs. Collins makes touching allusion to the sundered partnership. "The Village Comedy was commenced at midnight, as the year eighteen hundred and seventy-five departed, and eighteen hundred and seventy-six came in. Mortimer Collins began with the following sonnet as a motto to the first chapter, but his coadjutor did not think it appropriate.

Gone is the irrecoverable year,  
With all its joy and trouble, January  
Begins, and we, with courage gay and airy,  
Begin a novel. It is pleasant here:  
The midnight fire burns frostily and clear;  
Soul-prompting Fantasy, the frolic fairy,  
The poet's guide through regions of vagary,  
Shows the vague sea o'er which we have to steer.  
The hero comes into our haunted room,  
We see the lovely lady's passionate grief.  
As some foul scandal her fair bosom stirs;  
The plausible villain grins amid the gloom;  
Then follow to our infinite relief  
A motley multitude of villagers.

When the writers sat down that mid night to commence their story, they were full of hope and joy, of

"... courage gay and airy,

though it is well-known now how Mortimer Collins had to struggle for existence, and how much disappointment he suffered. One writer now sits alone and sadly finishes the story." No useful purpose would be served by endeavouring, however ingeniously, to trace the touch of the vanished hand through all the diverting complexities of this "Village Comedy." From the opening of the play, when we are introduced to Biggins, landlord of the Copse Hill Inn to the close, when we find ourselves "at Copse Hill again," the interest of the reader is not suffered to flag. Regarding the three volumes as so many acts of a comedy, the first must be pronounced the best, but the imbroglia of the second betrays constructive power of a high and diverting order. Whether a picture be executed in colour or done in pen-and-ink, it is not difficult to discern whether it was finished on the spot or touched-up in the studio. The sketches in the "Village Comedy" are evidently from the life, and it is throughout amusingly obvious that they were executed on the spot. But that which strikes one most forcibly with reference to them—albeit the serious key of the play is struck at once—is the joyous spirit of healthy fun with which the two artists are imbued. In two or three lines of what may be termed the prologue, we are afforded an indication of what is to follow. "But there can be no evil in such a place as this; surely everything must go on smoothly here. There are no rival shopkeepers to hate one another, and the people who live in cottages round must be good when they have such beautiful country always before their eyes. I can understand that in squalid streets, in close towns, there must be everything that is bad; but in such a lovely spot as this people cannot help being good. Well, let us go in and taste the village ale, and I'll bet you a cigar, Frank, that in a very few minutes I'll show you that there is as much evil speaking, lying, and slandering here as anywhere; and I'll bet another cigar that the shopkeeper and innkeeper have a quarrel." It is scarcely necessary to add that Frank loses both cigars. The canvass is crowded with characters, but there is no sense of confusion, and although there is scarcely an commonplace incident described in the whole of the three volumes, one never seems to require that kind of filip to keep the interest awake which is supplied by the artistic treatment of battle and murder, albeit there is one sudden death of a rather sensational character in the third volume. Not the least important of the personages who perform parts in the "Village Comedy" are Mr. and Mrs. Manly Frowde (otherwise Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Collins), each of whom has evidently sat to the other to be sketched. Those who knew Mortimer Collins will not say that his portrait, glowingly drawn by his wife, is over-flattering. We have purposely abstained both from a description of the plot of the "Village Comedy," and a criticism of the story as such. It may be if Mortimer Collins had lived he would have disposed of the chief sinner (Arundel Lifton, a magnificently-conceived scoundrel) and his victim Flora in a different manner from that which has been adopted by Mrs. Collins, but we need not pause to wonder how. If for nothing else but its sparkle, vitality—the women and men in the Comedy are alive—and wholesome humour, apart from its being the last considerable work in which Mortimer Collins had a hand, "The Village Comedy" is distinctly a novel which deserves to be read—elsewhere than in the neighbourhood of *Copse Hill*, where, of course, it is read, with the keenest interest.

*The Dublin University Magazine* (Hurst & Blackett) begins the new year strongly. In "A Picturesque Transformation," Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who is always acceptable, no matter the size of his canvass, is seen at his best. Such a dainty cabinet-picture would give grace to duller pages than those which in the present case surround it. A new series of contemporary portraits is begun with Matthew Arnold. Photograph and accompanying text are alike adequate—which is saying everything, when the lofty position of the sitter is borne in mind. The opening chapter of a Novel entitled "In this World," by Mabel Collins, a tender little lyric by Christina G. Rossetti, and two solid papers on "The Ideal University," and "Miracle," the former by Keningdale Cook, and the latter by F. R. Conder, are amongst the remainder of the noteworthy contents of this number.—*Baily* (A. H. Baily and Co., Cornhill) for January, is chiefly remarkable for a vigorous paper on "Meadow and Pasture Lands: their Renovation and Repair," by Dr. Shorthouse. We wish we had space for quoting a lengthy passage or so. He is dreadfully rough in his own inimitable way, on some of the most cherished wild flowers of the poets. "Let me strike," he writes, "as the key-note of this lecture, the maxim that, John Bull dislikes to be stunted in his beef." Darwin comes in for a tremendous back-hander. "The survival of lichens, mosses, fungi, parasites, couch-grass, and other weeds, and the destruction or extermination of clovers, nutritious grasses, and other plants, affords a striking refutation

of the dogma, 'The Survival of the Fittest,' of the blatant wind bag, who for some few years past has almost monopolised the interest in the scientific world, or rather one branch (and that not the least significant) of it, viz., natural history, but seems to have found his level, and to have been taken at his proper worth by the *alumni* of *alma mater*." Chapter VII., of "The Memoir of the Rev. John Russell," a paper by Amphion, entitled "Trying Back," one of F. G.'s (of Mitcham) genial contributions, and the annual article (by the old hand we presume) on the School Averages, with "Our Van,"—which is full of amusement—are to be found in this month's *Baily*, which is embellished with a portrait of the Earl of Haddington.—*Scribner's Monthly* (Frederick Warne and Co.). We despair of being able, in the limited space at our disposal, to do justice to the specimen before us of the best magazine extant. Is there nobody on this side of the Atlantic with pluck enough to run an English *Scribner*? Here we have something like one hundred and sixty pages of literature of the first class, lavishly illustrated by the best artists with matchless engravings, and the whole splendidly printed for one shilling! From the wealth of good things in this, the January part of *Scribner*, let us make special mention of "Jarl Sigard's Christmas Eve," "Fox Hunting in New England," "Dr. Schliemann at Mycenae," "Birds and Birds," and an excruciatingly funny nigger story in rhyme, illustrated with funny silhouettes, entitled "Christmas-Night in the Quarters." We once-a-month doff our bonnet to *Scribner*—as a Mag. it has no rival worthy the name.—*Belgravia* (Chatto and Windus) boasts of characteristic contributions from Wilkie Collins and Mark Twain—and contains the opening of a novel by Thomas Hardy, entitled "The Return of the Native." This latter bids fair to add to the high reputation of the author. A rather dull instalment of "By Proxy," a remarkable paper by Richard A. Proctor, and charming poem by Clement Scott, are also included in this number. There are but two illustrations, but they leave nothing to be desired.—In the *Gentleman's Magazine* (Chatto and Windus) we have chapters I. to V. of "Roy's Wife," a novel by Whyte-Melville. If this powerful breezy writer goes on as he has begun, there will be no doubt of the popularity of Sylvanus Urban as long as the novel lasts. "A Summer in the South," by E. Lynn Linton, exhibits her powers of poetical description at their vividest. "Charles Dickens, as Dramatist and Poet," is a cheap bit of padding that uselessly occupies valuable space. Edward A. Freeman's paper on "Terms of Peace" is timely. Altogether the number is of average merit.—*The St. James's Magazine* (Charing Cross Publishing Company) holds its own amongst the magazines of the month, by reason of Hawley Smart's novel, "Sunshine and Snow," and a charming paper by Austin Dobson, on "A Forgotten Poet of Society."—*Charing Cross* (same publishers), would be naught without Joseph Hutton's "Queen of Bohemia," which progresses without any lack of spirit. "A White Wind Flower," is thin.—*Victoria Magazine* (Victoria Press, Praed-street), commend us to a capital portrait of Miss Heath, which forms the frontispiece of this number. Otherwise there is nothing remarkable about it, except the praise of Mr. Harry Jackson, which is incomprehensible.

Her Majesty's seedsmen, Messrs. Carter and Co., of High Holborn, have sent us their *Vade Mecum* for 1878, a beautifully illustrated compilation of extremely valuable information, which no amateur or professional gardener should fail to obtain.

We have received a copy of *The Illustrated Family Almanac*, issued by Thomas Gray and Co., Edinburgh, a very useful and well compiled annual, with a profusion of excellent illustrations, most of which have been drawn from photographs taken in the camera of that best of all our landscape photographers, Mr. G. W. Wilson, of Aberdeen.

We have also a pamphlet on a new preparation of Dialysed Iron, a medicament of considerable importance and remarkable properties, prepared by Raoul Bravais and Co., the well-known firm, of Asnières, near Paris. As a strengthening tonic, the repute of iron has long been known, but in its ordinary medicinal forms it is unable to be taken by a large number of persons, in whom it produces painful and in some cases dangerous symptoms, to avoid which this special preparation has been recently introduced with excellent effect.

## FAMOUS PLAYS.—No. 16. "HENRY IV."

ALTHOUGH Chalmers and Drake assign the production of this play to the year 1596, Malone conjectures that the first part of Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* was written in 1597, with fairly good evidence in his favour, and the second part in the year following, when, as he also conjectures, our glorious playwright had been in London, writing for the stage about six years. The first part of *Henry IV.* appeared on the Stationers' books under the date, February 25th, 1597, and it was printed in 1598. The second part was entered at Stationers' Hall on the twenty-third of August, 1600. The epilogue shows that it was written after *Henry V.* appeared. Mere's *Wit's Treasury*, published in the September of 1598, gives *Henry IV.* in a list of Shakespeare's plays, but does not allude to it as being in two parts. There is an allusion to the second part of *Henry IV.* in *Every Man in his Humour*, which, according to Malone, was first played in 1599 (Act V. scene II.) and in the play itself there is an evident crib of two lines from Daniel's "Civil Warre" a book which was entered at Stationers' Hall in October, 1594, although it was not published until 1595. The title of the first printed edition of the first part of *Henry IV.*—which is also the best—ran as follows! "The History of Henrie the Fourth; With the battell at Shrewsburie, betwene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe." At London, Printed by P. S., for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paule's Churchyard, at the sign of the Angell, 1598." The popularity it enjoyed is recorded in the fact that six distinct editions of it were published before its incorporation in the folio of 1623.

Before Shakespeare wrote *Henry IV.*, an old play called *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, containing the honourable *Battel of Agincourt*, had been "acted by the King's Servants," and been very popular, and it has been conjectured that the favour it had long been received with originated the idea of *Henry IV.* in the mind of Shakespeare.

Dr. Johnson said "None of Shakespeare's plays are more read than the first and second parts of *Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight," and Mrs. Montagu wrote: "I cannot help thinking there is more of contrivance and care in this play (the first part of *Henry the Fourth*) than in almost any he has written. It is a more regular drama than his other historical plays, less charged with absurdities, and less involved in confusion. It is indeed liable to these objections which are made to tragic-comedy, but if the pedantry of learning could ever recede from its dogmatical rules, I think that this play, instead of being condemned for being of that species, would obtain favour for the species. . . . The vulgar call all animals that are not natives of their own country monsters, however beautiful they may be in their form, or wisely adapted to their climate and natural destination. The prejudices of pride are as violent and unreasonable as the supersitions of ignorance. . . . We cannot but suppose that, at the time it was written, many stories yet subsisted of the wild adventures of this Prince of Wales and his idle companions."

## WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, W.—“Silver Bells” (4s.), words by J. E. Carpenter, music by F. Wallerstein. This is a pretty vocal duet, with words which are worthy of Dr. Carpenter, and a graceful setting by Mr. Wallerstein. Solos are given to each of the two singers, and the lively ensemble passages are brought into bright relief.—“The Angel Guide” (3s.), a semi-religious song, written by Mrs. Judson, composed by A. Whitley, will probably be acceptable to amateurs in search of vocal compositions suitable for Sunday evenings at home.—“Sweet Olden Days” (4s.), words by G. & Beckett, music by V. Bligh. The verses are poetical in feeling, and well written; the music is simple and melodious.—“When the Reapers Rest” (4s.), words by F. E. Weatherly, music by J. L. Roeckel, is a well written song, with a melodious and sympathetic setting, and will be welcomed by contraltos and baritones.

J. BATH, 40, Great Marlboro'-street, W.—“Bath's Musical Valentine,” price 1s., is a marvel of cheapness. It contains six beautifully engraved pieces, full music size and type. The first piece, “Memories of Spring,” written by F. Enoch, and composed by F. Stanislaus, is worth twice the cost of the whole, and is, indeed, a charming song. Songs by G. Linley, and J. P. Knight, with three pianoforte pieces by Lemotte and Holloway, make up the complete work, and the coloured title page, executed by Stannard and Son, is a work of art.—“Lost Friends,” 4s., ballad, words by R. Reece, music by C. H. R. Marriott. The melody is flowing, the accompaniment simple, but appropriate, the poetry better than Mr. Reece usually writes, and the sentiment of the poem will be found in the following quatrain, which, so far as the second line is concerned, may be thought susceptible of improvement:

“Ah, let me call the mem'ry back,  
Of friends that used to be,  
When I was all in all to them,  
And they were all to me.”

—“He was a Careful Man,” 4s., is the popular “humorous song,” written, composed, and sung by George Grossmith, jun. Eccentric and amusing, while free from any suspicion of vulgarity, it is worthy the reputation of the popular composer and “entertainer,” upon whose shoulders the mantle of John Parry has descended, and will awaken hilarity whenever it is sung.—“Bath's Musical Museum for the Harmonium, No. 6,” price 1s., contains no less than twenty pieces, mostly taken from classic authors, and arranged by Dr. Spark, of Leeds.—“Bath's Violin Museum, Book I.,” price 1s., contains thirty-four popular melodies, selected, and arranged for violin by W. H. Montgomery.—“The Sylph of the Woods,” written and composed by Henry Hersee, is a cavatina for soprano or mezzo-soprano; moderate in compass, with movements in 3-4 and 2-4 time; and has been sung with great success by Madame Rose Hersee.

WILLEY & Co., 7, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W. “Sir Harold, the Hunter,” 3s., is a spirited and melodious setting, by F. C. Bevan, of the late Eliza Cook's well-known poem.

METZLER & Co., 37, Great Marlborough Street, W. “Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs, collected and arranged by M. H. Mason,” price 3s. In this neat volume will be found nearly three score of the melodies that were the familiar friends of our childhood, beautifully printed, with simple but well-arranged pianoforte accompaniments, and five outline illustrations by Miss E. M. Scannel, all well designed, and one—“The Babes in the Wood,” specially charming. The work deserves a place in every library.

THE COMPOSERS' PUBLISHING COMPANY, 46, Leicester-square. —“Our Girls,” Galop, price 4s., by the Chevalier F. De Yrioyte. This galop, though unpretentious, may be found useful by “our girls,” when they are disposed to dance.—“I'm such a perfect child,” words and music by the same composer, is No. 1 of a series of “Drawing-room comic songs,” and is “dedicated to J. L. Toole, Esq.” The song contains twelve verses, and we regret that we can only spare space for the following specimens:—

As I was sitting down to tea,  
Two Russians now call'd upon me,  
Moved by Turkish atrocity—  
I found my purse returned empty.  
I'm such, &c.  
The next day came from the city,  
The same with much audacity;  
But with another sad ditty  
About Russian atrocity.  
I'm such, &c.

Here is a chance for Mr. J. L. Toole, supposing him to be in want of a really comic song.

## AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

Honour, defined by Dryden as “a raging fit of virtue in the soul” in one poem, and as “an empty bubble” in another, is called in Shakespeare's Henry IV. “a mere scutcheon;” by Cowley, a “phantom,” which is an “empty cause of solid harms!” and by “Rowley,”

A busy angry thing that scatters discord  
Among the Mighty Princes of the Earth,  
And sets the maddening nations in an uproar.

The famous Earl of Rochester wrote of it—

This Honour is the veriest Mountebank.

And Lord Halifax wrote—

Honour, that spark of the celestial fire  
That above nature makes mankind aspire,  
Ennobles the rude passions of our frame  
With thirst of glory and desire of fame;  
The richest treasure of a generous breast,  
That gives the standard to the rest.

Aphra Benn denounced Honour as “a foe to pleasure!” and nature's worst disease.” And Hudibras says of it—

Honour, the error and the cheat  
Of the ill-natured busy great!  
Fond idol of the slavish crowd!  
Nonsense invented by the proud!

Of which honour is that affair depicted in our artist's picture? It has been angry and busy enough, and shows but grim and black for a “spark of celestial fire.” Neither thirst for glory, nor desire of fame, have had much to do with this “affair of honour” and

where no honour's to be gained  
'Tis thrown away in being maintained.

It is probably one of those sudden and quick in quarrel affairs of honour which were once frequent in the ill-paved London streets, when swords were worn, and men thought more of that “empty bubble,” than “mere scutcheon,” “veriest mountebank” honour, than, thank heaven! is now thought of it. In those days many an affair of honour originated in a dispute as to whether one had the right to take the wall side of the narrow footway, leaving the other the gutter side, with the chance of being splashed with mud by the wheels of passing vehicles. Many a beloved son, father, lover and friend, fell in a quarrel as miserably paltry in the days when an idle word, an angry exclamation, a hasty censure or a thoughtless jest, ended in deadly strife and sudden death, when “this vain fantastic pageant” honour was a fashionable commodity and the salve for many a diseased conscience,

## TURFIANA.

THE new racing venture at Kempton Park seems, at last, in a fair way of having its merits tested during the course of next summer, and there can be no question but that its promoters are earnest in their endeavours to have all arrangements as perfect as possible before their opening day, so that everything may work smoothly the first time of asking. Nothing can promise better than the designs on which the place is to be laid out, and the running track will certainly be a model one, and a pattern to *entrepreneurs* anxious to inaugurate new meetings. We are only tempted to ask, where is all this lavish expenditure on new foundations to end? There must be scores of available parks and estates to be secured in the vicinity of London, eminently adapted for converting into race-courses, while we can entertain no doubts about the supply of speculators willing to take up such promising materials, seeing that therewith they can suck no small profit. We should the more willingly welcome a few more meetings of the Sandown Park stamp, could we anticipate that certain of the miserable suburban gatherings had a chance of being swamped by such formidable rivals. But of this there is no prospect, so long as horses and men can be found willing to take part in the sport furnished at these smallest of Little Pedlingtons of the turf, the argument of their supporters being that, if the “swells” can have their day's outing at Kempton and Sandown, why should not their imitators from among the little men be entitled to an equal privilege in their own small way at suburban resorts? At the new Surrey fixture, much will depend upon the lines on which the meeting is laid down, whether it turns out a success or a failure, and there are so many examples of each on the racing circuit, that the managers should have no difficulty in choosing the right path, and it will be quite their own fault if they persist in a system of administration which has led to so much unpleasantness and failure in other places.

From Mentmore we learn that Macaroni was never in grander fettle than at present, and his subscription may be said to have filled before it was opened. His position in the list of winning sires last season was not so conspicuous as usual, but of no sire can it be expected that he should be able to retain his “pride of place” year after year; and the bonny bay has plenty of high reputation to fall back upon. Poor old King Tom is still in the flesh, though quite worn out for stud purposes; but the veteran is as gay as ever, and only sometimes quarrels with his corn, which he can relish better than he can masticate. His has been a grand stud career, though at first starting he was somewhat unwarrantably abused, and put down as a getter merely of two-year-olds, which often went to the bad during the winding-up process for the big three-year-old races. The fact was that the great majority of King Tom's youngsters were far too weak and overgrown to be bustled about during their babyhood, and wanted a lot of time and patience to make them cherry ripe, and fit to hold their own with more precocious compeers. Perhaps his fillies ruled better than his colts, as they were certainly more compact and vigorous; but no sire will be better represented than the Mentmore King when his hour comes to rest with so many famous daughters of his house under the greenwood tree at Crafton. Most of his progeny, too, have made something of a reputation as sires, and Kingcraft and King Lud should be towers of strength when the name of the Nestor of English thoroughbreds no longer rings through the land. His daughters have long been in request among breeders, and no stud can be considered perfect without one or more of them, contrasting well with their fellows in size and bone. With Favonius have disappeared the grand results of a fusion of the Sweetmeat and Harkaway strains, but there are still a few of the rising generation left to emulate the doughty deeds of those who have gone before, and it may be to build up a still loftier fabric of renown to the memory of their sire.

In order to show how fatal are the after effects of those disorders to which young blood stock is peculiarly liable, we may instance a case which has lately come to our knowledge, where distemper has worked havoc among a lot of yearlings stricken down by it during their second spring. It was in 1876 that a mare brought home from a neighbouring stud farm this destructive scourge; and the string, just then ripening for the Newmarket July sale, were all down with it at the end of May, except two, and these sickened on the very day of sale and had, of course, to be withdrawn. One of these died in a few days time, and its companion was never fit for racing purposes; while of the half dozen sold, two are since dead, never having fulfilled an engagement, and the rest seem never entirely to have shaken off the consequences of their ailment. Tracing back the fortunes of others, we should doubtless find many egregious failures thus accounted for, and breeders cannot be too careful in keeping well out of range of a destroying agent which can only be compared in its decimating effects with consumption in the human subject. Considering how overcrowding prevails in certain establishments, it is a wonder we are not visited with more epidemics of this kind; but we may hope that a better hygienic system prevails in our leading yearling emporiums, some of which must have bought their experience at a very dear rate.

Betting men are eagerly looking out for employment for their pencils, and resemble nothing so much as a shoal of perch, driven by stress of flood into some quiet backwater, where food is scarce, and where the fisher casteth not his bait. Ugly, indeed, will be the rush when the first minnow wriggles his tiny tail among them, and that man's life would be hardly worth having who should enter any of the clubs with a large Derby commission in his pocket. The experiences of Mazeppa, chased by hungry wolves, would be nothing to it; but as yet backers make no sign, and the pack lie grimly dozing on their benches.

A somewhat curious circumstance characterised last Monday's proceedings at Albert Gate, when not a single one of the rather numerous lots of blood stock offered for sale changed hands. Several among them were in the yard for the second or third time of asking, but there was plenty of new attraction in the shape of Cecrops and the Glasgow stallions. Nothing could be a more exquisite foil to the size, coarseness, and angularity of these latter than Mr. Gee's old favourite, who, it now appears, failed to find more than a sort of “wet nurse” owner at the Dewhurst sale. A month or six weeks ago a better chance of disposing of him to advantage presented itself, several breeders being on the look-out for occupants of stallion boxes now filled. Nothing can be more harmonious and elegant than the lines on which Cecrops is fashioned, and he is an immensely taking animal, with his neat “quality” head and neck, high withers and croup, and fine action. His colour, too, is one of those rich bays with the blackest of points that an artist might choose to paint the “model racehorse;” but after we have stood, and admired, and taken in this scion of the great Sir Hercules line, we are fain to confess that there is not much of him anywhere, and that he fails to make up in breadth for what he lacks in length. In fact, as a hunting man said, “you might tie him up in a pocket-handkerchief,” and as no one came to the rescue, he had to go back unsold.

Last year about a moiety of the Glasgow stallions found hirers, but on this occasion to one had the spirit to take one into the country, though terms were easy enough, both as regards hiring fee and conditions of letting. They were a good useful lot, too, and ready to commence business at once, and most of them

blessed with good tempers, so that there could be no excuses on those scores; but still they hung fire, and not all the eloquence of the firm could charm bucolic ears.

To us it does seem a mystery, and more than that, a reproach, that the benefits intended to be conferred upon the community by means of this fine collection should thus be permitted to slide; and all we can hope is that the majority may be let by private contract, and that some good seed may thus be sown broadcast through the land. If this sort of apathy in the matter of horse breeding is to increase, we may well take Mr. Tattersall's warning to heart; but the real state of the case seems to be that people doubt and hesitate, not caring to connect themselves to any particular line of action, and wishing to be put in the right way by some one good enough to follow. We wish some one of experience in the matter (and there must be many such) would favour us with their views upon the subject, for at present chaos reigns supreme where all should be light, and we have come across no well digested treatise upon a subject of such universal interest. Can no one be found to supply this want?

Frantic attempts have been made to get up some racing in Spain at the wedding festivities shortly to commence, and a real live bookmaker has been requisitioned to put in an appearance, but whether in the character of a patron or professional adviser, deponent sayeth not. The embassy will contain an aristocratic admixture of the sporting element, and Lord Rosslyn will be able to report to his brethren of the Jockey Club any reform worth adopting from the system of sport pursued in Spain.

Derby and two Thousand analyses have lately been the order of the day, and in our next we may discuss the chances of one or more candidates likely to take a lead in the market, when the signal for pencil warfare shall have been given. Beauclerc has proved himself a downright stumbling-block to analysts, but we shall be bold enough to declare against his Epsom chance, whatever may be his fate over the Rowley Mile. During the whole of last winter we called attention to the utterly false position occupied by Silvio in the betting returns, and our present fancy should be at a nice taking price when operations commence.

SKYLARK.

## COURSING.

SOUTH ESSEX CLUB MEETING.—The draw for this, the fourth meeting took place at the Phoenix Hotel, Rainham, on Monday evening, when four, eight dog stakes were made up. The meet was announced at head-quarters for 9.30 on the following day, but it was fully ten before the first brace of dogs were put in slips, when a start was made on the marshes close to the railway station. Fur proved to be very plentiful at the beginning, but as the day wore on it got scarce, causing some long and tiresome beats. However, owing to Naird's walking capabilities, we managed to get through the card by 3.30, without a halt for luncheon. In the Trial Stakes, Spring Trap, who proved the winner, beat Royal Standard very easily, but Lunette made a better fight of it. Harrogate won her two courses with Charming Alice and First Messenger in grand style, while in the decid' g course the o'd bitch led, but her more youthful opponent stayed too long for her. In the Berwick Hall Stakes Little Redbreast and Blackbeard won their two courses very creditably. In the decid' Little Redbreast was made the favourite at 2 to 1, but Blackbeard ran clean away, and tossed up his game. Harwood and Kentish Fire divided the Helhus Park Stakes, both dogs getting to their position by meritorious running. The East Hall Stakes was likewise divided by arrangement between Fatima and Chancellor, this being the latter's first appearance in public. We were very pleased with his running, and think that when he matures he will want a lot of beating. The judging of Mr. Wentworth, says the *Sportsman*, was never once questioned, and Naird, who was waiting for five hours and a half without a rest, got through his duties to the satisfaction of all.

SYDMONTON MEETING, TUESDAY, JAN. 15.—The Sydmon-ton Stakes (open), for all ages, at £2 2s. each. Second round.—Mr. Farmer's b w b Flirt, by Rocketeer—Itmouse, beat Mr. Paget's r d Homer, by Greystock; Mr. Withers's b k w b Gay Saraband, by St. Connell—Lilian, beat Mr. Withers's b k w b Grace Sullivan, by St. Connell—Lilian. Third round.—Mr. Farmer's Flirt beat Mr. Withers's Grace Sullivan. The Highclere Stakes (open), for puppies, at £2 2s. each. Second round.—Mr. Ede's r b Esk Deer, by Gazelle, beat Mr. Farmer's n r w d Luck's All, by Surgeon—Spider; Lady Hertford (a bye). Third round.—Mr. Ede's Esk Deer beat Mr. Lancaster's n Lady Hertford. The Litchfield Stakes, for all ages, at £2 2s. each. Second round.—Mr. Hutchinson's Jack (ped. unknown) beat Mr. Brooks's b d Fly (ped. unknown); Mr. Porter's f b Alice (ped. unknown) beat Mr. Fielder's b k w b Selina, by Chance—out f Fly. Third round.—Mr. Hutchinson's Jack and Mr. Porter's Alice divided. The Newbury Stakes, for all ages, at £1 1s. each. Second round.—Mr. Shuff's f b No G, by Priest—by Crease, beat Mr. Rough's r b Nance, by Statesman—Witchcraft.

## HUNTING NOTES.

THE season of 1872-73 was singularly free from accidents on the hunting-field, while that of 1873-74 was a painfully prolific one, those happening to Lord Fitzwilliam, Mr. George Fitzwilliam, Lord Wilson, and Major Fife being still fresh in the memory. The following season showed but a slight list of “killed and wounded,” but last season, again, was a disastrous one.

The annual ball of the subscribers to and friends of the old Herkeley Hunt was held on Wednesday night at the Town Hall, Rickmansworth, near which place the hounds are kennelled. The stewards were the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chesham, Lord Ebury, Mr. Oscar Blount, Mr. T. T. Drake, and Mr. A. H. Longman, the master.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught honoured the Prince of Wales's Theatre with his presence on Wednesday evening.

HER Majesty's staghounds met on Tuesday, at the Marlow-road Station for an outlying deer which has been at large since the second day's hunting at the commencement of the season in November last. The deer was soon found, and made towards Lane End, leaving Great Marlow to the left, along the hills to Medenham, where it crossed the Thames and ran to a farm, unfortunately broke its leg, and was obliged to be killed. The run was a very fast one up to the 14 miles. Although the day was fine, the field was not a large one. The run was very satisfactory. The noble master, Earl Hardwicke, was absent. The meet on Friday was arranged to be at Mr. Headington's Redstone Farm, Lawrence Waltham, at 11.30.

COLONEL KINGSCOTE, M.P., met with a bad accident whilst out with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds on Monday week. Colonel Kingcote's horse fell upon him, causing serious injuries to his back, and a slight concussion of the spinal cord. The last accounts of the Colonel's progress are, however, very satisfactory, and no serious results are apprehended.—Lord Suffolk had a nasty accident while out with the Duke of Beaufort's on Saturday. He was struck by the projecting branch of a tree, and knocked from his horse, his head being badly bruised. Though considerably shaken by the shock, we are glad to hear that Lord Suffolk has almost recovered, and will be in the saddle again next week.—On the same day, with the same hounds, there were two other serious accidents. Mr. Pierpoint, of Seagry House, was heavily thrown, owing to his horse catching its feet in some wire fencing, and sustained injuries which, we regret to hear, have resulted in paralysis of almost the whole body. Our latest report states that Mr. Pierpoint is still in a very precarious state, and fears are entertained that he may not recover. The other accident to which we referred happened to Mrs. Hoare, of Easton Grey H. use, who was thrown out of her carriage while watching the hounds, owing to the ponies bolting. We are glad to say, however, that no serious injuries were sustained.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES contain no Opium, Morphia, nor any violent drug. It is the most effective remedy known to the Medical Profession in the cure of COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS—one Lozenge alone relieves. Dr. J. BRINGLOE, M.R.C.S.L., L.S.A., L.M., writes: July 25, 1877, “Your Lozenges are excellent, and their beneficial effects most reliable; I strongly recommend them.” Sold by all Chemists, in Boxes 1s. 1d., and 2s. 6d. each.—[ADVT.]

A TOILET GEM.—“Golden Star” Bay Leaf Water, unrivalled as a Toilet Water for its delightful and remarkably delicate aromatic odour. The pleasures and benefits of a bath are increased wonderfully by the addition of a small quantity of it. Extraordinary tonic properties are conceded to it for the nervous and those suffering from headache or fatigue. Beware of spurious imitations. Buy only the “Golden Star” Bay Leaf Water, which name is registered for protection. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

THE HARSH WINDS, BITING FROSTS, and contracting effects of cold, render the skin at this period a painful source of solicitude, and require the frequent application of that mild and infallible specific, ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, which will preserve it in health and beauty amid the most trying vicissitudes of the season.—Sold by chemists at 4s. 6d. per bottle.—[ADVT.]

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—CURE OF BRONCHITIS AND VOICE, COUGH, CHEST AND THROAT COMPLAINTS.—From Mr. Farle, M.P.S., 22 Market-place, Hull.—“Your Wafers are invaluable for the voice, throat, and chest. All sufferers from bronchitis, hacking cough, and deprivation of rest, should take them.” Sold at 1s. 1d.—[ADVT.]

## OTTER SWIMMING CLUB.

JANUARY is certainly not the month most people would choose for a bathe, but circumstances alter cases, and when once inside the Marylebone Baths the elements were quickly forgotten and a swim did not seem at all out of place. The "Otters" held their second annual winter race on Friday, the 11th inst., in the Old First Class, or Lady's Bath, and this cosy little structure was well filled with members and friends. As on the last occasion, Mr. C. Hammond generously came forward with a valuable prize. A word of praise is undeniably due to Mr. Green for his excellent handicapping; that it was so, will be seen by the following return:—Handicap, 8 lengths (120 yards). Heat 1: E. L. Cleaver, 23 sec., 1; S. Willis, 14 sec., 2; H. V. Cleaver, 5 sec., 0.

A most exciting race; Willis came within half-a-yard of E. L. Cleaver at the last turn, but by a well-timed spurt the latter just managed to win by a touch, 3 yards separating second and third: time, 1 min. 53 sec. Heat 2: P. Moore, 28 sec., 1; J. J. Rope, 9 sec., 2; W. Byrne Jones, scratch, 0. A repetition of the former heat: time, 1 min. 55 sec. Heat 3: R. Newman, 12, 1; G. H. Rope 18, 0. Rope was not in his usual form. Won by 3 yards: time, 1 min. 48 sec. Heat 4: R. W. Sewell, 18 sec., 1; H. Cheesewright, 10 sec., 0. Sewell held his own and won by 4 yards: time, 1 min. 47 sec. Final heat: Moore, 1; Sewell, 2; Newman, 0; Cleaver, 0. Moore swam in good form and won a fine race by 3 yards. The other three were all in a cluster at the last turn, but Sewell just managed to gain second honours by a bare yard, with Cleaver well up: time, 1 min. 58 sec. Handicapper and starter, H. J. Green; judge, T. R. Sachs.

## THE THEATRICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

"DEAR SIR,—In your notice last week of "The Theatrical House that Jack built," you mentioned that the sketches were by myself, whereas they were drawn by Mr. G. Bridgman and, yours truly, H. WYATT.

## THE CHAMPION SCULLER.

THE champion sculler of England, says the *Daily News*, was, till quite lately, the champion of Europe, and indeed of the known world. Aspirants from America might challenge a University Four, but no foreign professional was so hardy as to touch the champion sculler's shield. Now the championship is shorn of



AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

its glory, and the honour strictly confined to this island. Trickett, an Australian, is the universal champion. It was hoped that the winner of the race on the Tyne between Higgins, of Shadwell, and Boyd, of Gateshead-on-Tyne, would be matched against Trickett. The result of the race has been rather depressing, and we still do not know for certain whether Higgins or Boyd is the better man. Higgins is 34 years of age, but he never rowed a match till he was 30. Young Boyd is only 24, but he has often been in training ever since he was sixteen. A classical author says that boys who won the junior races at the Olympic games rarely did much when they were full-grown men. It is certain that early training tells its tale in the long run, and the precocious Boyd need not be more agile and muscular than the mature Higgins. The men have often met before, with various fortune,

and the conclusion of the late race was anything but satisfactory. The public, eager and full of local enthusiasm, as the Northern people always are, were disappointed. Boyd of course was their man, and they trusted to see him make at least a gallant struggle. Higgins, however, won the toss, and had his choice of banks. There was a strong wind blowing off the north bank, so he naturally chose that side, where he could have the comparatively still water. As naturally Boyd was anxious to "take his water," and therefore spurted so as to get the lead. This he managed to secure with a struggle, but was never really out of Higgins' reach. The Thames man was compelled either to hang behind, to foul the bank, or to foul Boyd, and he did the last. Boyd of course was in fault, as he was out of his course, and the referee gave the race to Higgins. Nothing could be more

tame than the finish, for Higgins' ship was damaged in the foul and he rowed home in another vessel. Nothing is settled as to the powers of the men, and the rivalry of Tyne and Thames is undecided. For the time, Trickett is likely to carry his laurels unchallenged, except by his fellow colonists, among whom report says that there are many good scullers. Perhaps the nature of the wind and water made Boyd's tactics the best he could adopt, but he should have been more patient and careful, and, if he really tried to scratch a hole in Higgins' boat, his conduct cannot be too severely blamed.

A "COMPLIMENTARY" ticket issued on the occasion of a lecture in New York city a few weeks ago, said: "Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D., will lecture on 'Fools.' Admit one."

## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

Who would suspect Mr. Charles Merion, with his lofty, thoughtful brow and sombre eyeglass, of being a Christmas roysterer? Yet if the ringing laughter of the tiny patrons of the Gaiety afternoon performances just at present is a criterion of excellence (and I fancy it is about the best), Mr. Merion has



Valentine

certainly succeeded in writing a good pantomime. A great deal has been said of the managers of the Gaiety failing to mount the affair with that splendour which generally attends such productions. I entirely fail to see the necessity for smothering the fun of Christmas hilarity with over elaboration. The little ones



enjoy the grotesque antics of the comic chamberlain, or the mock imperiousness of King Pepin, much more than the everlasting lands of labyrinthian loveliness, and delicious dells of dazzling diamonds, that make the young eyes ache and the head throb with fatigue. It is "The children, O my brothers," who are to be consulted on these points, and if Jones and Robinson come to

the conclusion that the thing is not so expensively mounted as it ought to be, it matters not a fig so long as the young Joneses and Robinsons are clamouring in praise of the funny business which is in progress.

Mr. Hollingshead for all this might have supplied his patrons with *clean* scenery. It struck me that some of the interior scenes wanted doing up, being lined and scored with usage in past triumphs. I felt pretty well satisfied when I read in the beginning of the book of *Valentine and Orson*, which was supplied with my programme—

As it's Christmas time,  
Let's match our forces in a pantomime,

that the good old style was the author's model, and this opinion was confirmed when turning to the end I found—

Give us applause and we shall not repine,  
But do our best, with greater zest, to play our *pantomime*.

The leading comic characters in Mr. Merion's production are happily free from what has become a perfect pest in pantomime—namely, stock "gags" or "wheezes." It seems the chief end of each comedian in most establishments to have a phrase which is particularly and sacredly his own, and to dash it about appropriately or otherwise all through his performance. The chief



Mr. J. G. Taylor as King Pepin

reward such gentlemen reap for these flights of genius is the repetition of their darling phrases by street urchins who recognise them passing along the thoroughfares, or watch them emerging from the stage doors of their various theatres. This sort of thing is all very well in a small way, such as the judicious use of, "That is the sort of man I am," in Mr. Brough's Bluebeard; but when some three or four funny men, each with his particular gag, keeps hitting the audience about the ears with it as though it were a pantomime bladder, it becomes an outrage. The D'Aubans and Wardes, people of old Gaiety popularity, are the prime movers in the fun, Miss D'Auban playing the hero, Valentine, with considerable dash and grace; Mr. John D'Auban, as Orson, made up somewhat like a Scotchman (with leaves for a kilt), is exactly what a pantomime actor should be, and in the scene with the Bear, and afterwards in a dance representing the double-sightedness of an inebriate, is really entertaining. The honours of this latter most ingenious dance are shared by some person—unmentioned in the programme—but whom I strongly suspect to be the Bear without his skin. Let us hope that the majority of those who applaud the duet do so on account of the dexterity of the dancers, and not from any appreciation of the effects of intoxication. Mr. J. G. Taylor, as King Pepin, is, of course, good, and an example to pantomime kings of the art of not overdoing the thing either in acting or dressing, or the use of the inevitable gilt bladder. He is well supported by his consort, Queen Bibbitty Bob—played by—thank goodness not a



Orson

man, but Miss Julia Weston, whose beauty is her ugliness (if she will pardon my saying so). Miss Wadman, with the exception of a pair of gloves utterly unsuited to the rest of her costume,



makes a pleasing Princess Eglantine. Mr. W. Warde, as Hugo, would be much better, and less dangerous, without the huge sword he carried. He and Mr. Percy Vaughan, the Chamber-

lain, ought to have more opportunity in each other's company, as they are well matched, and can dance. For the rest, the stage is occupied with a host of pretty faces and figures, sufficient to send a thrill through the bosom of any boy between seven and seventy. I had intended returning to the Gaiety the evening of the day I witnessed *Valentine and Orson*, but found on reflection that I had had enough of it in the morning. I have not, on that account, yet seen *The Grasshopper*, but I was much gratified with Mr. Hollingshead's advertised protest against the criticisms which insisted on comparing Miss Farren's performance with the original French—a style of criticism that has rapidly grown to the dimensions of a cant, and would trammel an artist down to mere imitation where imitation is unnecessary.

### "SARDANAPALUS" AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE.

It is a good many years ago since Mr. Layard, pursuing his work of excavation on the site of the grand old city of Nineveh, made discoveries of a highly interesting nature, which convinced him that the south-east palace on the Mount of Nimrod, was the work of the son of Esarhaddon, a grandson of the famous Sennacherib, who occupies so prominent a place in Scripture history. "Although," said Mr. Layard, "no part of the history of this royal builder has been as yet recovered, still there is every reason to believe that this son of Esarhaddon was no other than Sardanapalus, who, conquered by the Medes and Babylonians under Cyaxeres (B.C. 806), made one vast funeral pile of his palace, his wealth, and his wives."

In 1853, acting upon the hint thus given, Mr. Charles Kean produced, on the 13th of June, for the annual benefit of himself and Mrs. Kean, Lord Byron's tragedy of *Sardanapalus*, with costumes, architecture, weapons, and customs faithfully realised from the bas-reliefs Mr. Layard had restored to light after they had been lost to human sight nearly three thousand years. On the fly-leaf of the bill of that play, thus magnificently reproduced, Mr. Kean said:—"I have humbly endeavoured to convey to the stage an accurate portraiture and a living picture of an age long since past away, but once as famous as our own country for its civilisation and power, and more intimately associated with the destructive wars of the Jewish race than any other people. No pains have been spared to present to the eye the gorgeous and striking scenery that has been so unexpectedly dug from the very bowels of the earth. The sculptures now in the British Museum have been rigidly followed; and when recent discovery has failed to give authority for minor detail, I have, wherever it has been possible, borrowed designs from surrounding nations flourishing at the same epoch. In decoration of every kind, whether scenic or otherwise, I have diligently sought for truth; and it is with some pride and satisfaction I am enabled to announce that a verdict of approval has been received from Mr. Layard, the judge most competent to speak with decision upon the surpassingly interesting subject with which I have to deal."

In a precisely similar spirit of artistic thoroughness and refined taste has Mr. Charles Calvert, aided by Mr. Thomas W. Charles, followed in the steps of Mr. Charles Kean. *Sardanapalus*, as it is now placed on the stage of the Duke's Theatre, under the management of Miss Viola Dacre, is just what we saw on the stage of the Princess's Theatre nearly a quarter of a century ago, a little less finished and complete in some of the minor details of scenery, properties, and costumes, perhaps, but wonderfully faithful as a whole to that which wrought up the feelings of the London playgoers to a pitch of intense excitement and curiosity very nearly a quarter of a century ago, and that wherewith Mr. Charles Calvert more recently delighted and astonished the public of Manchester. Mr. Wall's sketch is from the fourth act, where Myrrha—Miss Gainsborough—announces to her lover, *Sardanapalus* (Mr. Arthur Daley) her intention to fire the mighty funeral pyre.

It is well known that Lord Byron's tragedy (*Sardanapalus*) was not written for the stage, and that when produced at Drury Lane in 1834, under Mr. Bunn's management, it fell flat and dead upon the public ear. The part of Sardanapalus was then played by Macready, and it was said at the time that Mrs. Mardyn, a beautiful actress who had been known to Lord Byron, and was the actual model from which he drew the lovely Greek slave, would return to the stage to play Myrrha. She did not, however, do so. At the Princess's Theatre Mrs. Charles Kean personated the graceful Ionian, and Mrs. Barrett Wilson (Miss Heath) then as now adorned the same great histrionic boards. She played the Queen Zarina. Mr. J. W. Cole records that on the first night of Charles Kean's *Sardanapalus*, an old half-pay colonel in the stalls was overheard exclaiming, "Oh! hang it! this is too much. Kean is going beyond the mark this time; he will certainly burn the theatre down. There'll be a rush to the doors in

moment, and lives may be lost!" Our readers may remember that the papers recorded many similar observations made on the first few nights of Miss Viola Dacre's revival at the Duke's Theatre. Before putting down the pen let us whisper in the ear of the management a doubt as to whether such a very cheap gallery is not, in this case, a mistake. The class of people such a performance is most attractive to, those who fill the stalls, &c., cannot resist coarse and ignorant remarks bawled out by the ruffianly gods, one to another; nor can ladies feel altogether comfortable when certain chaffing comments on themselves or the performance are welcomed with hoarse shouts of laughter.

### "THE ROSE AND THE RING," AT THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

THIS sparkling little Christmas entertainment has been based upon a fairy story of Thackeray's, by Mr. Seymour Smith, and is given by the alternate art of dissolving views on the ordinary disc, and living performers on the stage, who sing their songs, and with wonderful cleverness appear to speak the lines spoken for them off the stage. The effect is curiously deceptive, so perfectly simultaneous is the word and the action, and so expressive of the one is the other. The songs are well sung, and the dramatic personæ delight the audience with their characteristically grotesque or graceful pantomime, of which we have already spoken in high terms. Our artist's sketch is from the opening of Scene III. in the Garden of the Palace of Valoroso, where the King of Paphlagonia, his Queen, Count Hedzoff, Prince Giglio, the Princess Angelica, and the Countess Gruffanuff are listening to the story of poor Betsinda's promotion to be maid of all work in the Royal household.

### THE NEW EAST END THEATRE IN BERLIN.

SOME time has elapsed since Berlin was enriched by a large theatre of really architectural value which could at all be compared with the magnificent Victoria and Wallner Theatres. The Königstadt, in the east of Berlin, is very poor in public buildings, and it was here that Dr. H. Grünfeld undertook to build the splendid theatre of which we give an illustration. The building, which stands in Frankfurter Linden Avenue, is in the renaissance style. The principal entrance facing Frankfort-street leads directly to the ticket offices, which form a large hall, with cupola roof, richly decorated with statues of the arts. A slight ascent leads to a spacious foyer, from each side of which, by a broad staircase, the first tier of boxes is reached. The architectural beauty of the auditorium is unusually striking. It is constructed to seat 1,800 people, and is provided with the most modern improvements as regards heat, light, and ventilation, while no fewer than twelve exits secure the safety of the spectators. The theatre was opened on Christmas Day, and is intended to be devoted to the performance of plays of a refining and elevating tendency.

"BALDNESS IS CURABLE."—How often this statement has been made by advertisers of miraculous "washes" it would puzzle even a student of the advertisements which have appeared in the newspapers during the past quarter of a century to say. Similarly, it would perplex the most omnivorous gatherer of that kind of evidence to show how often the patrons of those same washes have been disappointed in their search of a certain remedy for what may be roughly termed premature or accidental baldness. Such a grave responsibility attaches to the journal that recommends an advertised "cure," no matter what the nature of that cure, that we should have gravely hesitated before writing these lines if we had not been convinced by evidence of the most convincing nature that what we are about to say is true. We know—this is not a compliment based upon mere speculation, but a testimonial founded on facts that have been brought peculiarly under our notice—that "Eau Malleron," sold by Monsieur Lodois, 40, Haymarket, is to all intents and purposes that which it professes to be. We must forbear from mentioning names, but if the request to be silent which has been imposed upon us were withdrawn we could point out several members of the musical profession—gentlemen connected with the highest grades of the operatic stage—who, with others, have found that, by having recourse to M. Lodois, baldness the most utter is quite curable. M. Lodois publishes a pamphlet, which contains testimonials from patients whom he has successfully treated. The testimony of those persons may or may not be genuine—we offer no opinion on the subject; but we do say that several gentlemen of our acquaintance have been treated by him, and upon them he has wrought a thorough cure.

### STUD NEWS.

\* \* Stud News intended to be inserted in the current week's number should reach us not later than Thursday morning.

At Woodland's Stud, Knitsley Station, Consett Branch, N.E.R., Co. Durham.—Mr. E. Etche's Henrietta, by Stockwell, a ch c by Julius, and will be put to Macgregor. Arrived to Macgregor: Mr. H. Milo Walker's mare by Knowsley—Veradventure, and his Lady Agnes; also, Elmira, by Wild Dayrell; and Pardalotte, by Stockwell. Arrived to Argyle: Pen-niless, by Headsman; Promptitude, by Headsman; Enery, by Headsman; Similarity, by Headsman. The subscription list to Macgregor is filling fast.

At Bonehill Paddocks.—Jan. 13.—The Bonehill Stud's Nightjar (dam of Harbinger), a b f by Pero Gomez, and will be put to him again. Jan. 14, their Char de, by Stockwell, a b f by Pero Gomez, and will be put to him again. The following mares have arrived to him, Dec. 17.—General Pearson's Panoply (dam of Pageant), in foal to Lecturer; and Cognisance (dam of Hoppbloom), also in foal to Lecturer. Dec. 27.—Mr. Weaver's Prosperity (dam of Sir Joseph), in foal to Pero Gomez. Jan. 3.—General Wood's Travolta, in foal to Y. Melbourne; Court Card, in foal to Lord Lyon; and Colurnix, barren. Jan. 15.—Mr. W. S. Crawford's Sister to Struan, in foal to Y. Melbourne.

The Stud Company, Cobham.—Jan. 11.—The Stud Company's Better Half, a filly by Wild Oats, and will be put to Blair Athol. Jan. 12.—The Stud Company's Crinon, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to Blue Gown. The Stud Company's Vergiss-mein-nicht, a colt by Blair Athol and will be put to him again. Jan. 15.—Mr. C. Powis's Lemon Drop, a filly by Caterer, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Blair Athol, Jan. 14.—Mr. W. Allison's Scotch Red and Lady Ravensworth. Arrived to Blue Gown, Jan. 14.—Mr. W. Allison's Incognita, Calozzie, and Lavinia. Arrived to Carnival, Jan. 14.—Mr. W. Allison's Greek Maiden and Sweet Marjoram. Arrived to George Frederick, Jan. 14.—Mr. W. Allison's Ragman Roll. Arrived to Wild Oats, Jan. 14.—Mr. W. Allison's Amorous.

NEXT week's number of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain:—A Portrait of Miss Clara Vesey—Canine Character, by F. Dadd—Hunt of the West Kent at Sevenoaks, by J. Sturgess—Two pages of sketches from the great boat race at Newcastle, by H. Petherick—Sketches from the sale by auction of the late Middle. Titiens's Wardrobe, by Matt. Stretch—Sketches by our Captious Critic—The Theatrical House that Jack Built, No. 8, The Page—The Drop Scene at the New East-end Theatre, Berlin—Dangerous Gallantry—A group of New Flowers, &c.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES has been pleased to receive a copy of the Billiard Book by Captain Crawley, a new edition of which will be ready by about the middle of March.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.—On Wednesday night, the Scenic Artist of this establishment, Robert Burris, was presented with a handsome gold watch, in recognition of his talents and untiring industry shown in the production of the immensely successful pantomime, *Harlequin, Jack in the Box*. The watch bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Robert Burris, by J. A. Cave and Albert West, as a mark of great merit. Marylebone Theatre, Christmas, 1877."

THE *Daily Telegraph* announces that Mr. Walter Goodman has been commissioned by the Chinese Minister, at Berlin, to copy Sasso Ferrato's "Madonna in Prayer," at the National Gallery, and that this is the first commission ever given by a Chinese to an English artist.

THE death of Mr. Andrew Murray, F.L.S., the naturalist, whose later life has been mainly occupied in close scientific observation upon the injury done by insects in our fields and gardens, has been announced.

A FARMER at Jersey has been fined £5, for wilfully shooting a hound belonging to the Jersey Drag Hunt. The pack was passing in the neighbourhood of defendant's land, but did not enter upon it, when he deliberately shot the dog, without, as was stated, the least provocation.

THE sagacity of the horses usually employed for the purposes of railway shunting is familiar to all railway passengers, and received a striking illustration in an exciting scene which occurred at Crewe Station on Thursday week. As the 12.35 from Shrewsbury, a long and heavy train, was rapidly running into the station, a horse known as Charley, a fine powerful animal, had accidentally strayed across the main platform line on which the train was approaching. The buffer of the engine struck the animal's hind quarters, when, with marvellous instinct—or perhaps judgment would be the better word—instead of attempting to turn off the line, which would inevitably have resulted in his being caught and killed, he started at a full gallop in front of the engine and the chase extended along the whole length of the platform amidst the breathless suspense of the passengers, the engine never being more than two feet behind, while the driver did all in his power to check the train by reversing the driving wheels. The station officials do not remember for many years a scene of such excitement, and it was felt to be a general relief when the intelligent animal at length safely trotted off to his stable, having won by his own sagacity—"a race for life."

### STUD HORSES.

AT HEATH HOUSE STUD FARM, NEW-MARKET.

ANDRED, a limited number of thorough bred mares, at 10 guineas a mare, and one guinea the groom.

QUEEN'S MESSENGER, 30 thorough bred mares, at 10 guineas a mare, and one guinea the groom. (SUBSCRIPTION FULL.) Apply to Mr. M. DAWSON, as above.

AT THE STUD COMPANY'S FARM, COBHAM, SURREY.

BLUE GOWN, at 100 guineas. CARNIVAL, at 50 guineas. GEORGE FREDERICK, at 50 guineas. WILD OATS, at 25 guineas. CATERER, at 25 guineas.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares at 25s. per week; barren mares at 20s. per week.

Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

AT FINSTALL, BROMSGROVE.

CARDINAL YORK, by Newminster out of Licence by Gameboy.—Limited to Thirty Mares, at 40 guineas each.

PELLEGRINO by The Palmer out of Lady Audley, by Macaroni.—Limited to Ten approved Foaling Mares, at 25 guineas each.

PAUL JONES by Buccaneer out of Queen of the Gipsies by Chanticleer, her dam Rambling Katie by Melbourne out of Phryne by Touchstone.—At 20 guineas a Mare. Foaling mares, 25s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week. Apply to Stud Groom, as above.

AT BAUMBER PARK, NEAR HORNCASTLE, LINCOLNSHIRE.

CERULEUS (own brother to Blue Gown), by Headsman, out of Has Bleu, by Stockwell, a few mares at 15gs, groom's fee included; dams of good winners at half price.

MERRY SUNSHINE (own brother to Sunshine), by Thornaby, out of Sunbeam, by Chanticleer, at 10gs, groom's fee included; foaling mares at 25s. and barren mares at 15s. per week; all expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Both these horses are sound. Apply to MR. SHARPE, as above.

AT REENHAM HOUSE, READING (ONE MILE AND A HALF FROM ALDERMASTON STATION).

CYMBAL, by Kettledrum out of Nelly Hill, will cover thirty mares including his owner's, at 25 guineas each, and 1 guinea to the groom. Cymbal has covered in France several seasons, and among the first of his get is Plaisance, while his two-year-old winners in France and England comprise, Phenix, Porcelaine, Silence, Ma Cherie, Charbonette, Maroc II., and Opononax. Apply to Mr THOS. CARTWRIGHT, Stud Groom.

AT THE PARK PADDOCKS, NEWMARKET

KINGCRAFT, a limited number of thorough-bred mares at 25gs. each, and one guinea the groom. Apply to Mr. SAVAGE, as above.

AT REENHAM HOUSE, READING (ONE MILE AND A HALF FROM ALDERMASTON STATION).

KING OF THE FOREST, by Scottish Chief, will cover thirty mares, including his owner's, at 50 gs. each, and 1 guinea to the groom. Apply to Mr. THOS. CARTWRIGHT, Stud Groom.

AT THE STUD FARM, ASKE, RICHMOND YORKSHIRE

KING LUD will serve a limited number of approved mares at 30 guineas each. MOROCCO.—At 2 guineas.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are taken away. Apply to J. TROWDALE, as above.

At MOORLANDS STUD FARM, YORK.

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.—At 40 Guineas, Groom's fee £1. LORD LYON.—At 50 Guineas, Groom's fee £1. SPECULUM.—At 50 guineas, Groom's fee £1. THUNDER.—At 20 guineas, Groom's fee £1.

All expenses to be paid previous to the removal of mares. Foaling mares, 25s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week. Apply to Mr. HUBY, as above.

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All expenses to be paid previous to the removal of mares. Foaling Mares, 25s. per week. Barren Mares, 18s. per week. Apply to Mr. HUBY

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[New Music continued on page 439.]

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ABDALLAH, a bay gelding, aged, by Thomastown out of Arab Maid; entered in Birmingham Grand Annual.  
ADMIRAL, a black gelding, 6 years old, by Lifeboat out of Flora.  
GLENALMOND, a bay gelding, aged, by Blair Athol out of Coimbra; qualified for hunt races.  
PROTEST, a black mare, 7 years old (sister to Umpire), by Tom King, or Solon, out of Acceptance; valuable as a brood mare.  
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4. A FILLY, by Julius out of Dahlia, by The Duke.  
5. A FILLY, by Sylla out of Scottish Queen, by Blair Athol.  
BROOD MARES.  
6. DAHLIA (foaled 1872), by The Duke out of Datura, by Newminster out of Snowdrop; served by Julius, May 19.  
7. BAY MARE (sister to Summer's Eve), by Stockwell out of Summerside, by West Australian; served by Sylla, May 24.  
8. BONNIE DOON (foaled 1872) (sister to Clanronald), by Blair Athol out of Isilia, by Newminster out of Isis, by Slane; served by Sylla, May 22.  
9. SISTER MARY (foaled 1862), by Ellington out of Hersey, by Glaucus out of Hester; served by Sylla, June 9.

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[Horse Auctions continued on page 439.]

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MR. JAMES HAMILTON CLARKE,

whose portrait we have the pleasure of publishing this week, was born in Birmingham, 25th January, 1840. Manifesting in his earliest infancy a remarkable aptitude for music, he was for some years instructed on the pianoforte and in harmony, by his father, an amateur of some attainments. He was also, when less than nine years of age, placed under the tuition of an able local professor of the violin. At the age of twelve, he was appointed organist of a church, and about the same time made his debut as a violinist, being placed among the first violins at one of the choral and orchestral concerts, for which Birmingham has long been famous. When fifteen years of age, however, on leaving school, instead of being permitted to pursue the study of his beloved art, and to make music his profession, he was apprenticed to a land surveyor, in whose office he spent the next seven years of his life. He still contrived to cultivate various branches of musical art. He remained organist of a church, and was also a valued member of the local orchestra, in which he played alternately the violin, the viola, and the clarinet, and his services as an amateur were in constant requisition in the neighbouring towns. He also commenced the study of composition, and his first overture was performed at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, in December, 1859. In 1862 his connection with business was severed; and determining to enter the musical profession in good earnest, he accepted the organistship of Parsons-town, Ireland. He remained there scarcely a year, having been selected as organist to a church in Dublin, which appointment he obtained by competition. A year and half later he was appointed conductor of an Orchestral Society, in Belfast, and organist of a church also. Here he remained for about a year. About this time, he gained the first prize ever offered by the college of organists, for an anthem composition. There were seventy-five competitors, and his prize anthem, "The lord is my light," was shortly afterwards performed at a grand choral festival, under his own direction at St. Michael's church, Cornhill, and has since been a standard Cathedral work. At the end of the year, 1865, he was appointed temporary organist of Llandaff Cathedral, and in the following June, organist and master of the choristers of Queen's College, Oxford, after a severe competition. In the first year of his residence at Oxford, he took the University degree of Bachelor of Music. He retained his post at Queen's College five years, when he received a church appointment in London. Labouring patiently and industriously in the Metropolis, he soon began to enjoy the recognition of the highest musical authorities. His chief study became composition, to which he now almost exclusively devotes himself. Several important orchestral works by him have from time to time been heard, notably a symphony in F, performed three times at the orchestral concerts at the Albert Hall, four years ago, which work was warmly praised by the great French composer, Charles Gounod. Others of his works have been performed by the British Orchestral Society, and at the Crystal Palace, Alexandra Palace, the Promenade concerts at Covent Garden &c., &c.

Mr. Clarke is the author of nearly 350 compositions, including two grand symphonies, fifteen overtures, two cantatas, an operetta, orchestral ballet music, anthems and services, songs, pianoforte pieces, instrumental chamber music, sonatas for the organ, part songs, &c., &c. His compositions are generally esteemed for their originality and freshness, combined with the truest musical feeling. During two seasons he filled the part of musical director at the Opera Comique, with universally acknowledged ability.



MR. JAMES HAMILTON CLARKE.

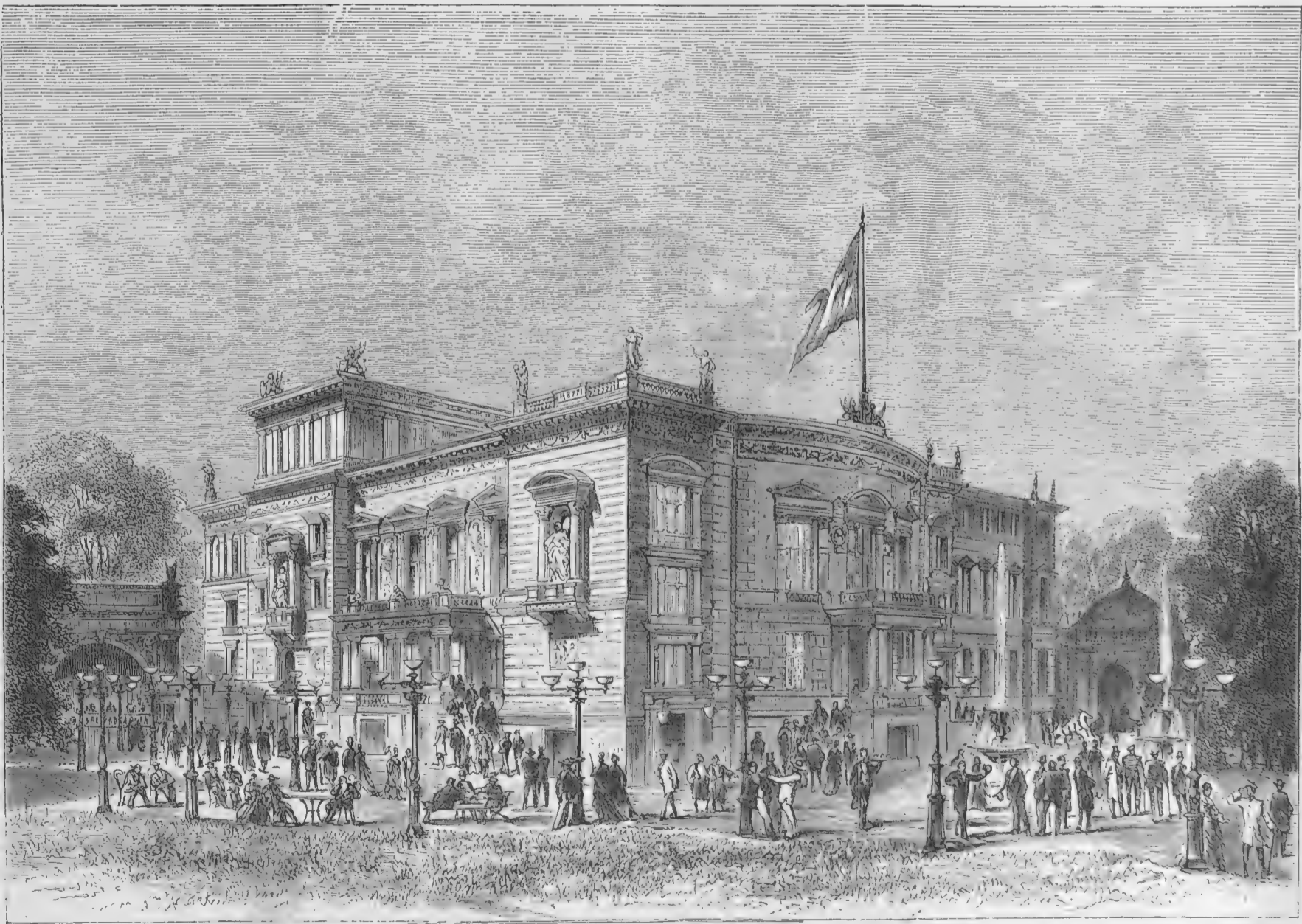
His compositions have frequently received favorable mention in our "Weekly Musical Review," and we hope, hereafter, to have the pleasure of welcoming him as a composer of English opera.

IN common with many well-regulated persons, I have a natural antipathy to attend funerals. Some men of whom I have cognisance take to it with all the enthusiasm of amateur mutes. The regularity of their attendance at the obsequies of public men arises, I imagine, less from a desire to pay respect to the dead than from a wish to see their names in the newspapers. I should not think of making any comment on this ghastly craze were it not that I recently heard that my absence from a certain funeral was made the subject of comment among men with whom I would not wish to associate, even in a churchyard. It is a significant fact in the case in question that I missed from the bedside of the deceased the very critics who affect to deplore my absence from the side of the grave.—*The Man of the World*.

MDLLE. SYNNERBERG.

AT one of the Floral Hall concerts, given in the course of the Royal Italian Opera season, 1876, Mdle. Synnerberg, whose portrait we have the pleasure of publishing this week, made her first appearance in England, and met with a highly favourable reception. Although almost overpowered by nervousness, she made it evident that she possessed a mezzo-soprano voice of rich and sympathetic quality, and had been well trained in the art of vocalisation. It was expected that she would appear during the season in an operatic character, but her debut on the lyric stage was deferred until last year. On the 31st of May, 1877, she made her debut at the Royal Italian opera, as Siebel, in Gounod's *Faust*. She was too nervous to do herself justice, but the fine quality of her voice ensured a favourable reception; and on the 5th of June, 1877, she made a decidedly successful appearance as Pierotto in *Linda di Chamouni*. Her acting, although occasionally showing want of experience, was intelligent and graceful, and the flowing melodies of Donizetti displayed advantageously the best qualities of her voice. That she has much to learn must be admitted, but with her fine voice and attractive personal appearance she has much in her favour, and there can be little doubt that, with further study and practice, she may attain an enviable position in the operatic profession.

MARTIAL LAW.—So the officers of the Brigade of Guards object to Mr. George Bentham appearing at the Opera Comique in the accurate costume of that distinguished corps. Mr. Bentham, being an artist, is scrupulously correct in every minute detail. He is so absolutely faultless that he is politely asked by the Lord Chamberlain to put himself in the wrong just to satisfy the whimsical objections of certain silly persons who have no sense of propriety, no taste for art, and who look upon the stage with jealousy and suspicion. But just reverse the picture for a moment. What would the officers of the Brigade of Guards have said if Mr. Bentham—intended by the author to represent an officer in the Guards—had been careless, indifferent, and inaccurate? What sneers and execrations we should have heard about the ignorance of "those fellows on the stage," if one button or stripe were out of date. In point of fact, what were the kind of remarks made when Mr. Billington appeared in the Guards uniform, in the recent melodrama of *Russia*, at the Queen's. But a far more serious objection may be made to these impertinent objections which are dignified with official concurrence. Is our fastidious Army to be permitted to reign supreme in these matters, and to dictate to artists how they should falsify themselves in order to pander to military prejudice. Is Serjeant Jones of *Ours* to appear in an obsolete militia uniform because officers of the Line object to his being correctly dressed? Is Captain Hawtree to go to a slop-shop instead of a military tailor? Is the hut scene to be falsified in case Crimean veterans might shed a tear? In fact, what are we coming to when such trivialities of criticism are embodied in official letters from the Lord Chamberlain's Office? What next, and next? Will a deputation from Convocation wait on Lord Hertford because Mr. Rutland Barrington has the effrontery to go to an ecclesiastical tailor for his clothes worn as a Dean of Divinity? Will the Home Secretary interfere, at the suggestion of Colonel Henderson, because policemen appear in the Pantomime? Will the Geneva Convention appeal to Mr. Hardy, the War Minister, because Miss Ada Cavendish appears with the red cross brassard as Mercy Merrick. A more indefensible interference has never been made. Mr. Bentham referred the matter to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the author of *The Sorcerer*, and we are happy to state that Mr. Gilbert politely declined to make any alteration of uniform whatever.—*The Era*.



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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

D. C. A.—A series of six portraits of Mademoiselle Taglioni, by A. E. Chalons, R.A., drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., were published by Dickenson, of London, in 1811, representing her as Flore La Tyrolenne, La Napolitaine, la Bayadere, la Naysade, and before the curtain, in private costume.

ANDREW MURCHISON.—The interlude of *Jack Fugler* was performed in the reign of Edward VI. It was an adaptation from Plautus.

K.—The "Lives of the Players," by John Galt, in two volumes, was published by Colman and Bentley.

RAMMY SAMMY.—Write to the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent-street; and Elliot and Fry, Baker-street, enclosing stamped envelopes for reply.

N. S.—We have published pictures from "The Creole," and "Shooting Stars." All the back numbers are kept in stock, and can be had through your local newsgate.

G. THOMAS.—A *Fight for Life* was written by Savile Clarke and H. du Terreaux, and was played last year at the Park Theatre, in February.

E. A. D. C.—For costumes apply at either of the following addresses—37, Bow-street, or 317, Strand; 25, Newcastle-street, Strand; 10, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden; or 54, Drury-lane. For scenery or properties apply to Mr. Richard Douglas at the National Standard Theatre, Bishopsgate, London.

H. S. F.—The "Era Almanack," for 1878, will give you all the information you require.

HENRY LEWIS.—Frederick Yates was born in 1707, went to school with John Reeve, and was afterwards sent to the Charter House School, where Mrs. Siddons's sons were educated. He made his first appearance in Edinburgh, and died on the 20th of June, 1856. He made his first appearance in London at Covent Garden Theatre, as Iago, with little success.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

CHARLES E. ADAMS.—The other needle of Cleopatra is in Paris, it has been there many years, about forty. It was brought over in a vessel built especially for that purpose, at Toulon, and called the Luxor.

A. C.—1. In 1620, in a work then published called "Le Machine del Sig. G. Branca Roma," where a machine is described for making a little horizontal wheel revolve by steam. 2. Florence Rivault, in his "Elémens d'Artillerie," published in 1605, described the power of steam and said "the effects of the rarefaction of air will startle the boldest man."

OLD VAUXHALL.—The barber of Louis XI, who figures so prominently in Sir Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward," was a native of Thiel, a little town in Western Flanders. He was called Oliver the Dain, or Devil, and was ennobled in 1474. He appeared to have won favour originally by his skill in playing the spy for his royal master. After Louis's death, being urged by a noble lady to use his influence to save her husband's life, he having committed some offence, Oliver made her seduction the price of his intercession, and at the same time ordered her husband to be secretly executed. The wife accidentally discovering this, appealed to the King (Charles VIII.), who ordered Oliver to be arrested. Under the influence of torture he confessed his crime and was hanged.

PHIL THESPIS.—What the First Napoleon jestingly called his "Cytherian Cohort," was a company of spies, consisting of the most beautiful young men and women, whose unscrupulous characters, fascinating manners, and attractive accomplishments, gave them special fitness for his purpose.

LORENZO.—It is said that Henry III., of France, was the first monarch who wore black for mourning; the kings of France having previously worn violet-coloured clothes to indicate mourning.

CITIZEN G.—The tri-coloured flag dates from the French Revolution of 1830.

M. A. P.—Apply to the Editor of "The British Journal of Photography," York-street, Covent-garden. You will find him a courteous, kindly gentleman, thoroughly well informed on all such matters.

H. H. V.—Southey mentions it in his "History of the Brazils." He says, "The first couple of cats which were carried to Cuyaba, sold for a pound weight of gold. There was a plague of rats and mice in the settlement, and they were purchased as a speculation, which proved an excellent one; their first kittens produced thirty oitavas each. The new generation produced twenty; and the price gradually fell as the inhabitants became stocked with these beautiful and useful creatures." 2. Cats were known in England in the days of the ancient Britons, and were probably brought to this country from Cyprus. They were costly, and their price fixed by law.

CORINDA.—The author of the beautiful old song, "The Mariner's Return," now better known as "There's nae luck about the house," was William James Mickle, a printer's reader, who was born in Dumfriesshire, in 1734, and died at Forest-hill, near Oxford, in 1788.

AN ENGLISHMAN.—How can that be fairly held when, even in the days of the Plantagenets, it was openly said by eminent judges on the Bench, that "the King's grant is of no power to prejudice the subjects' interests," that "the common law had so admeasured the King's prerogatives that they shall not take away, or prejudice the interests of any man," and that "the law of God and the law of the land are all one, and both regard the common and public good of the realm?" The English constitution is not a thing of yesterday week.

JOHN JONES.—The name of Strickland indicates, according to some authority, those who, coming over to this country, were the first to strike land.

RAMASAMY asks any of our readers to supply him with four words of three syllables in the English language each ending with dous. It seems to us that as the task is neither stupendous, tremendous, hazardous, or hybridous, it might have been done at home.

M. N.—At the "bloody assizes" of Prague in 1743, by the Empress-queen Maria Theresa, on the ground that they did not resist the Bavarian claim of succession grounded on the will of one of their former sovereigns. The historian relates how "more than fifty little children and pregnant wives of those who had been imprisoned by the Hof commissariat with shrieks and tears implored pardon for them in the name of God's mercy and of the native clemency and moderation of their gracious sovereign." Maria Theresa refused their petition.

## THE ILLUSTRATED

## Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1878.

No sooner do the "January entries" in the sheet Calendar proclaim that a new racing season has dawned upon us; than the world of breeding also hastens to awaken from its long repose, and to sound the note of preparation from north to south. Advertisements setting forth the claims of stallions are spread in all their tempting variety before us, diversely framed and worded, from the concise line or two which makes it plain that the good wine therein alluded to needs no bush, to the long-winded announcements which do their best to attract a few stray mares at a low figure. Fewer sires than usual seem to rejoice in full subscriptions thus early, and one or two still linger in the list, nominations to which we expected would have been snapped up long ago, like the debenture stock of some thriving concern. The dearest and cheapest stallions seem to be the first to close their lists, for while the owners of Blair Athol and Macaroni never troubled themselves to advertise at all, so certain were they to command a full subscription list, one or two candidates among the ten guinea lots were "taken up" forthwith by owners of brood mares anxious to do things cheaply. Making a comparison of the front page of the Calendar with that of a similar publication twenty years ago, we cannot fail to perceive that both services of sires and board of mares have kept pace with the times, and have increased proportionately; while the number of the former have also experienced a rise, and there are fewer "wanting situations" than usual. Promotions to higher prices have taken place in many instances, the good policy of which owners will duly be enabled to gauge before many weeks have passed by; but, on the other hand, instances of "backwardation" are very few and far between, and it may be accepted as indicating a very bad case indeed, when a reduction has to be made, though it is but fair to point out that, in such cases, an overweening estimate of their goods has placed owners in the very awkward position of being compelled to perform on a lower rope.

We do not envy the feelings of those hybrid sportsmen (so-called) who care only for what they are pleased to term the practical part of the business, and regard horses merely in the light of so many cards or counters distinguished by the number of their "pips" or the variety of their colours. The betting man is welcome to the boast so often repeated, that he does not know, and does not care to know, one horse from another, and only notices them so far as concerns their numbers on the correct card; but we hope and believe that among the so-called "followers of racing" there is a goodly leaven which takes an interest in horses beyond their attributes as instruments of gambling. We cannot all be judges of horseflesh, nor breeding theorists, but it is certain the sport can be more fully enjoyed when something more is known of the competitors than the colours of their riders' jackets. A sublime indifference to the looks and breeding of a racehorse may be vaunted by certain of the empty-headed plunging school, a few of which would appear still to exist, but considerations of make and shape and breeding must find place with the majority who follow up their hobby with increasing zest year after year. We shall not go so far as to assert that winners can be picked out by a reference to paper pedigrees without regard being had to the living produce of such experiments; but we fearlessly assert that many thousands might have been saved to hare-brained speculators, had they taken to heart the lesson taught them on every race-course of discriminating between sprinters and stayers as associated with certain families notorious for the possession of one or other of the above-named attributes. We cannot manufacture a Derby winner by the fusion of certain strains of blood; but we can know pretty well "what to avoid" in the shape of obscurely-bred animals, which we occasionally see foisted upon public notice, and regarded in the light of wonders, until the bubble bursts. If breeding is the "fluke" a misguided few still assert it to be, how is it that good names keep perpetually rising

to the surface to confound the judgment of chance-mongers, and to prove that grapes are not produced from thorns nor figs from thistles? On the contrary, if breeding is, as we assert, as nearly approaching to a certainty as anything known, it must needs be intimately bound up with sport, and eminently worthy of the study of all who find recreation and amusement in racing trials of strength. Believing, then, that such interest does exist to a great extent in sporting circles, it is pleasing to be able to record that we enter upon the new year with prospects never more rosy than at present in the breeding world. We may safely say that the demand for high-class blood stock for stud purposes has never been so great, and as proof of this we will point to the extremely rare opportunities which have occurred during the past season of acquiring stallions or mares of note at public auction. Despite the badness of the times and the gloomy political outlook, breeders appear far more frequently in the character of buyers than sellers; a happy sign, portending that things have prospered generally, and, moreover, that there are few undertaking the business in a half-hearted dilettante manner. We are afraid to say how many stud-masters we have conversed with or heard of who required either a first-class sire or a substantial addition to their collection of brood mares. Things must have prospered well to bring about this demand, for much as we hear of men entering upon breeding pursuits as an amusement, the query, "does it pay?" recurs sooner or later (generally the former) to every British mind, and John Bull is not one of those who ranges himself upon the side of sentiment, or strives to improve the breed of horses for "an idea." We may be sure that in the vast majority of cases, the balance has been on the right side, or men would not be so anxious to start new ventures, or to increase the resources of "going concerns." We may take it for granted that prices lately paid have been neither false nor inflated, and that sensationalism has had no influence whatever in inducing sober minded persons to take up with breeding speculations.

Were we asked if the thing was not likely soon to be overdone? our reply would be in the negative; for granting that the market appears now and then overstocked, it is owing mainly to vendors crowding it too overwhelmingly at certain periods of the year. It is true that a good deal of blood stock is left upon some breeders' hands up to quite the close of the season; but this we can readily account for, seeing that certain among them think fit to "hang on" in the hope of getting better prices, instead of adopting the soundest and most reasonable policy of selling without reserve, and what is still more to the purpose, without mystery or "circumlocution." One striking feature in connection with breeding which we have to remark, is the mania still existent for sires of foreign importation, a movement which seems likely to continue, now that French and other successes have made such a permanent impression upon advocates of "reciprocity." But there is a chance of this going too far, and we must take care, lest in our anxiety to regain some of our lost treasures, or to adopt purely alien elements, the "intelligent foreigner" be not too much for us, forcing us to take his refuse, and resolutely withholding the real nuggets we are so anxious to acquire. We should act more warily in watching and waiting, taking care that our "real good things" do not slip away from us, and that means are forthcoming to prevent so many likely horses leaving our shores, merely because we are too idle to find out what is going on around us. At the present time we are the least likely to be betrayed into parting with the horses best calculated to sustain our reputation; and we heartily wish the fraternity of breeders a fruitful and prosperous season, and in due time a reward commensurate with the outlay they have been content to make. The higher the standard aimed at the more gratifying will be the result, and those will best consult their own interests, as well as those of their customers, who spare neither money nor pains in their efforts to produce the most perfect commodity.

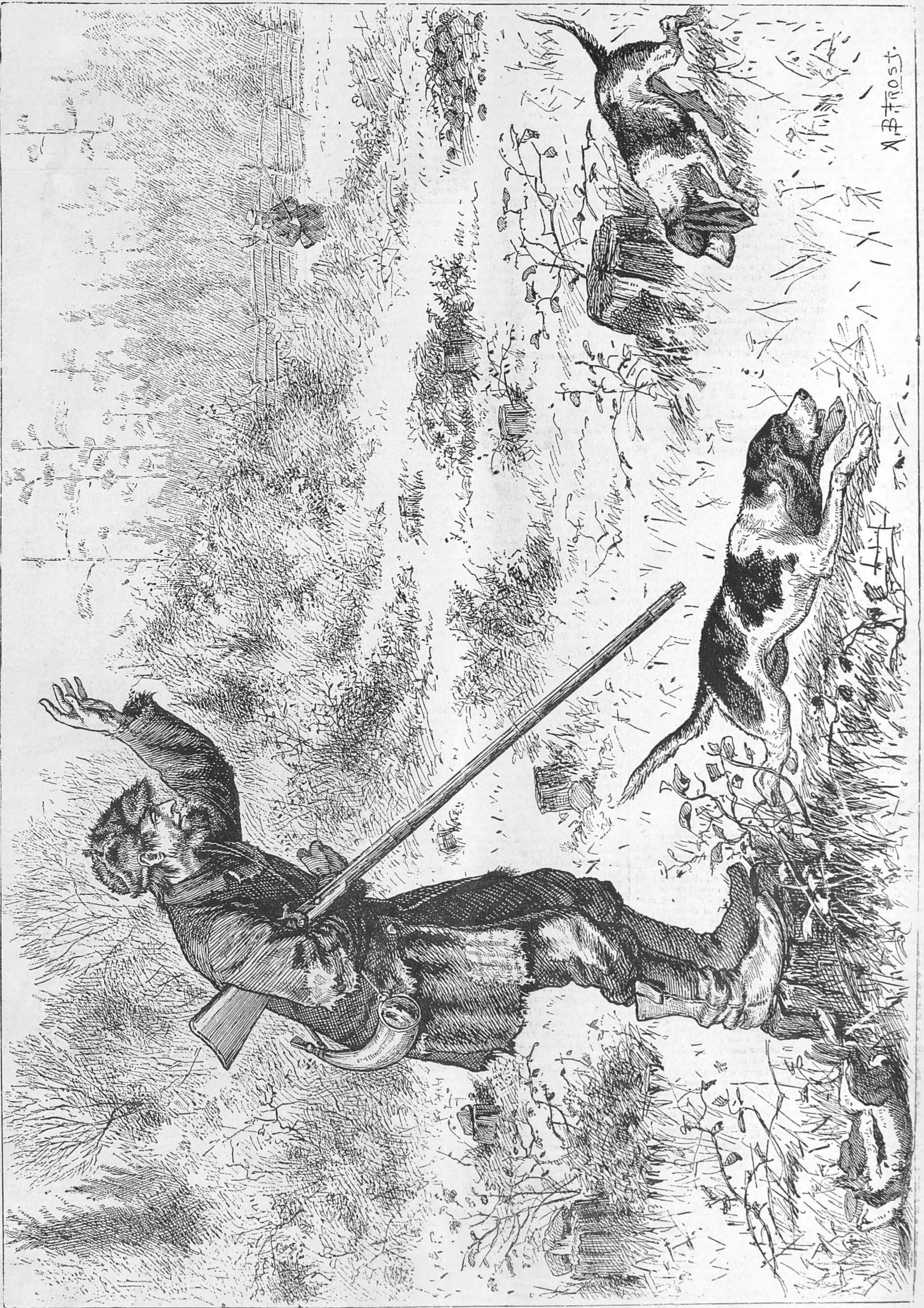
WHY does each successive Postmaster-General consider it his duty to harass and inconvenience the public as much as possible by ridiculous restrictions and stupid innovations? Are Postmasters-General always, as Mr. Weller said turnpike-keepers were, selected because they are morose misanthropes who delight in wreaking mean vengeance upon the unhappy public? That can hardly be the solution of the problem, for Lord John Manners, so far as I know, does not number misanthropy among his faults. Why, then, these irritating and senseless alterations? Why cannot we buy a halfpenny card for a halfpenny? Why are halfpenny newspaper-wrappers increased in price? Why are the charges for money-orders raised? Why is a newspaper which goes out of its way (like *Truth*, for example) to consult the convenience of its readers by having its pages stitched and cut charged as if it were a book? Not one of these things can be defended on any reasonable grounds. The Post-office is intended purely to minister to the wants of the public—its expenditure and its income should exactly balance each other—there should be no profit, or, if there be, it should be devoted to lessening postal charges, for every penny of profit, regarded as profit, is a huge and disproportionate tax upon the industry and commerce of the country. I have no patience with the petty middle-muddle policy which the present Postmaster-General has shown in his management of the Post-office. It irritates, annoys, and inconveniences the public, and has no compensating financial advantages. I think the Post-office has never been worse managed than under the present Government, and one longs to see some sensible, practical man of business, like Mr. W. H. Smith, at the head of it, instead of the mild and amiable enthusiast who at present fills the office, and whose tastes are more poetical than postal. A man of letters, *pace* Lord Beaconsfield, is not necessarily the best ruler of the Post-office.—*Sporting Gazette*.

RHEUMATISM promptly relieved and cured by a few applications of "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, 1s. 1d. per bottle.—[Adv.]

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING IN DEALING WITH CATTLE AND SHEEP DISEASES.—Infinitesimally small would be the loss of young Cattle and Sheep by Disease at the trying Season of Cold, Sleet, and Rain, if they were put under shelter and "Day, Son, and Hewitt's" "Red Drench" and "Gaseous Fluid," administered, as the kind of ailment may require. The serious loss to the Farmer, during bad lambing, may be prevented by dosing with the "Red Drench," all highly fed Ewes one week before they lamb. And in case of Debility, Diarrhoea, or Exhaustion in young stock, Sheep, Lambs, and Calves, a dose or two of the "Gaseous Fluid" is of all remedies, the most safe and the most effective.—22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.—[Adv.]

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A.B. Frost.

SPORT IN AMERICA—A NEW JERSEY FARMER OUT SHOOTING RABBITS.

## THE LATE KING OF ITALY AS A HUNTSMAN.

BY MIDDY MORGAN.

THE sporting prowess of King Victor Emmanuel is so well known that none need to be reminded of it as a fact, still I hope that a brief notice of some of the largest of his magnificent hunting establishments may prove interesting to the readers of *The Spirit*. With this hope I am encouraged to look back to the years of my residence in Italy, and write concisely of some of my wanderings there.

In 1865, early in the month of December, I set foot on the Peninsula, landing in the City of Genoa. Its palaces and churches, together with its other wonders and beauties, I pass over; but the mules and horses astonished me. The mules were, as all mules in Italy are, harnessed in rags and tatters, made gay, or rather gaudy, with tassels and bits of worsted tape, of as many colours as Joseph's coat. How the unlucky, lean animals dragged their loads is to me, a Britisher, a marvel and a mystery. Of the horses, some were handsome English carriage horses, the stylish action of which could not be seen in the narrow, tortuous, slippery streets of Genoa, *la superba*. For the first time in my life, I saw horses in harness with knee-caps on, and, still a greater surprise for me, having their throats enveloped in covers. All this argued badly for sport in Italy; however, I reserved my opinion.

A few days later I reached Rome, where I beheld more wonderful things relating to the equine family. The stately black horses of the prelates of the Romish Church are in themselves a sight to be seen. Their gait is slow, but what arching necks, proud crests, and glancing eyes they possess! They are laden with the most costly harness, and parade the streets and immediate neighbourhood of the Imperial City as though they owned the universe. They are gentle in the extreme, and make excellent draught horses, if I can be pardoned the expression. The horses of Rome are like its winter population, cosmopolitan. Wealthy foreigners use English horses, the Pope and his prelates are restricted to the aforesaid black beauties, which always recalled to my mind the black cart horses of England, the animals descended from Queen Philippa's imported Flemish mares. The Roman nobility, according to the fullness of their exchequers, own English or native horses. The Italian horse is full of good qualities—he is patient, hardy, and enduring; but he is short-necked, round in the bone, heavy in the head, and entirely lacks style.

The fox-hunting on the Campagna was a serious amusement in those remote days. Lean Frenchmen struggled with horror and Stenocentatti, together with fiery British hunters. Obese Romans looked on with astonishment, whilst fox-hunting Britons and Hibernians enjoyed what fun there was, and rode as straight as such like generally do. Americans held their own in the field, although the sport was novel for most of them. The same fox-hunting was a great relief to the monotonous every day life of Roman society; the wonders of light and shade, the charm of the old life hanging over the ruins that seem to stride across the open country, were in themselves enough to make a day in the saddle full of pleasurable feelings.

At the date I wrote of, Florence was the capital of Italy, and thither I wended my way in the spring of 1867. His Majesty Victor Emmanuel was then building magnificent stables outside of the walls of Florence. They are now long since completed, and stand in the Boboli Gardens, directly under the brow of the Poggio Imperiale. Those stables hold stalls for a great number of horses, and also contain, within their circumvallation, coach houses and harness galleries. Here the state carriages were kept, the panels of one of which were painted by Watteau. The State coach of the defunct Kingdom of Naples, with its massive silver blazonry, was also there, as well as the Vettura di Rispetta, a State coach which is only used on great occasions, and which is never occupied, not even by royalty itself. In the royal stables in Florence were kept the carriage horses used by his Majesty. They were all Cleveland bays, the same family of horses used by the royal family of England. Several chargers were always in those stables; and nearly clean bred, and well up to the welter weight which their royal master rides. Numberless animals for the suites and officers of the staff and household were always ready, all told off in their proper stalls and quarters. No horses used in the field were kept in the Boboli stables, except when passing through, to, or from San Rossore. This last named place is close to Pisa, and is a hunting lodge in the centre of a magnificent preserve. Here are deer and English pheasants, camels, and Arab mares. A noble stretch of country to gallop across, coverts for wild boar and lesser game.

The moment State affairs allowed, King Victor Emmanuel fled from Florence to San Rossore; there, in the midst of his horses and hounds, with a choice few of his suite, he spent his time hunting and shooting. Being easy of access from Florence, the royal visits to San Rossore were frequent though short. The horses used there were always Irish hunter mares, all clever field horses, and well tried in the Emerald Isle. A royal hunt at San Rossore was no trifling matter. It was hard work. Good men and true alone could live it out. The hunt met at daybreak, off to the woods, where, if the stag was a quarry or boar, the men and horses had enough to keep within moderate distance of the foremost hunter, who always was the king. Weather made no difference. If the soil was slush or sand, and San Rossore can be one or both, away they went, in the saddle or with the gun, and evening was certain to be well advanced before the hunt got home. When summer came, and Italy, below the Apennines, baked under a blazing sun, the court returned to Turin, from which the royal master pursued his way to Valdieri, a mountain hunting lodge. The sport at Valdieri was chiefly chamois hunting, and King Victor Emmanuel, clad in buckskin, with a Tyrolean hat and drooping feather, hunted amongst the rocks and mountain passes with the same ardour that he evinced when, mounted on a rakish Meath huntress, he scoured the flats on the shore of the Mediterranean. A few horses are kept at Valdieri; they are Arabs, or South of Ireland mares. Short, compact mares could only be used, and though they become nimble as goats, little use can be made of them.

The largest breeding establishment of his Majesty is at the Mandria of the Veneria Reale. This estate is a short distance from Turin, and is a beautiful park, with a comfortable hunting lodge, immense stables, where are kept the broodmares of the Royal Stud—all, at least, except the Arabs, which are and were at San Rossore. The Mandria of the Veneria Reale also was the home of the English racehorses, and there they were trained; but in 1868 the racing establishment was broken up, and the racers put in the stud. But it was in Turin, in the old stables in the Via Zecca, that the best beloved of King Victor Emmanuel could be found. There it was that the Arab chargers that carried his Majesty in former days through such fields as those of Solferino and Magenta, were housed and cared for. There was kept the snow-white Arab that bore him scathless through the fire of Palestino. This horse was a model of equine beauty and courage, and only less lovely than one of his stable companions, a dapple brown, also a hero, and a brave one.

Turin was the favourite residence of Italy's soldier king; there he was regarded as one of themselves. He strolled from the stables to the gardens, admired his horses or his lions, amused himself among his family and his pets, and forgot for the moment

his cares and his hopes. Those hopes have since been realised, thereby adding to his cares; but Italy is united, and growing in prosperity and importance.

For the welfare of the agricultural interests of Italy, the love of horseflesh indulged in by her sovereign is a great advantage. All the imported animals are valuable, more or less. Those cast from the royal stables are usually sold at auction, and, when farmers buy, the price is almost nominal. This scatters good blood throughout the country, and increases its wealth and resources. The Arabs bred in Italy are as pure in descent as those of the desert, being exclusively from sires and dams imported from the stables of the Khedive of Egypt, or of equally certain breeding. In one generation they rise in height and increase in bone in a quite perceptible degree. This arises from the difference of climate and keep. The Anglo-Arabian, as is well known, in less than two centuries, has gained nearly if not fully one hand in height, increasing in proportion in bone and muscle. The horse of the desert is the most beautiful of the equine race, and from him has sprung all that is most noble and most valuable in horseflesh, and to him we must return when we want to do better than we are doing. The Anglo-Arabian alone can compete with his desert progenitor. In some respects he rivals him; in others he surpasses him. The sporting propensities of the King of Italy certainly do not decline. Contrariwise, they increase; and as he grows in years he grows in well doing. May his shadow never be less; may he prosper and be successful.—*New York Spirit of the Times*.

## THE AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE IN RIO DE JANEIRO.

ON the 26th of November the English Amateur Dramatic Performance in aid of the British Benevolent Fund came off in the S. Luiz theatre. As was to be expected upon an occasion so largely exciting the sympathies of the English residents, the house was crowded by persons assembled by the charitable object of the performance, and also by the desire of showing, by their general attendance, countenance to the meritorious exertions of the amateurs who were so generously employing their talents in the service of the local charitable fund. Probably few expected much enjoyment from an amateur performance of the kind, but the result was a most agreeable surprise, to at least that majority who had not been behind the scenes, for the performances were given with a spirit and in a style of artistic representation which were most creditable to the actors, drew from a delighted audience continual demonstrations of pleasure, and rendered it one of the most agreeable entertainments we have had the good fortune to witness in this city. The first piece was the lively comedietta of *He's a Lunatic*, in which the get-up and delivery of Mr. Mathias, as John Ruggles the area sneak, were loudly and deservedly applauded at every appearance. In the part of Sir Guy Trotter Mr. Gull was also very successful and amusing. Mr. Fitz-Hugh's rollicking delineation of the very difficult part of the cunning scatterbrain March Hare was very clever, and his courtship of the susceptible widow, from his tracing of the first parallels to the final and triumphant assault, together with his bye-play with the arch maid Hatter and the pompous Sir Guy, furnished motives for uproarious applause of the most appreciative character. The musical "triumvirate" of *Cox and Box* kept the audience in a continual roar from first to last. Mr. Linklater gave in excellent style the part of the ingenious Sergeant Bouncer, of militia reminiscences, and Mr. McKenzie, as James John Cox, and Mr. Benjamin, as John James Box, acted their parts with so genuine a comic spirit and tendered their songs with so true a burlesque effect as to gain for them, with Mr. Linklater, the hearty plaudits and delighted cheers of the laughing audience. In fact, the spectators had laughed so much over *Cox and Box* that the final piece, *No. 1 Round the Corner*, was fabled to make way against the consequent reaction, and it fell somewhat flat, notwithstanding the spirited acting of the impecunious Flipper and Nobbler by Mr. Unwin and Mr. Bellamy. We hope that after so excellent a debut the English Dramatic Amateurs will continue to give us from time to time the gratification of an English play, which, with the experience afforded on the 26th ult., will certainly be hailed by our English residents as an agreeable event. The orchestra was led by Mr. John White, Director of the Club Mozart, who disinterestedly organised and directed the musical part of the performance and contributed largely to its success. Many thanks are due to the amateurs who, with a few professionals, formed the orchestra, and also to the management of the Club Mozart, who not only franked their saloon for the rehearsals but even carried their kindness to the length of providing refreshments on those occasions. As a fitting accompaniment of an English performance, the overture and interludes consisted of selections from English composers, beautifully arranged and exquisitely executed. As regards the music, by Arthur Sullivan, of *Cox and Box*, heard for the first time in Rio, we learn that various professional gentlemen of this city who were present were greatly pleased with it and declared it full of originality and talent, and, in some essential qualities, superior to that of Offenbach. The more immediate object of the entertainment, that of assisting the British Benevolent Fund, was very successful, we are glad to say, the net proceeds amounting to not less than 1,600 dols.—*Anglo-Brazilian Times*.

MISS LIZZIE COOTE.—In our notice of this young lady, in last week's number, there was an omission, which we now supply. She is a grand-daughter of Mr. Charles Coote.

WE understand there will be an amateur performance of the late Lord Lytton's comedy of *Money*, given in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan Free Hospital, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Saturday, 26th January, under the direction of Mr. E. Campbell.

THERE bids fair to be a good deal of fun at the Royal General Theatrical Fund benefit at the Gaiety on St. Valentine's Eve. Many of the best among our aristocratic amateurs have resolved to take part in the pantomime, which will be specially written for the occasion by Messrs. Burnand, Byron, Gilbert, and Reece.

ART has lost a not very well-known, but most observant and accurate draughtsman, in Michael Angelo Hayes, who came to a sudden and sad end the other day. He had made a special study of the paces of a horse, real and conventional, and the results give a shock to our received and traditional beliefs. To take one instance: all modern art has agreed to represent the gallop as bringing the horse's belly nearer to the ground—the phrase *ventre-a-terre* expresses it. The fact is, however, that neither canter nor gallop diminishes the horse's height from the ground by an inch; yet so accustomed are we, in art, to the falsity, that we cannot by an effort associate the idea of speed with a drawing of the real action, although in nature we have the truth daily before our eyes. The horse's paces in walking were the subject of controversy a few years ago, when an artist had the courage to draw the truth instead of a convention. The Greek manner of representing the gallop was entirely different from ours, and much nearer the truth, though still in some degree conventional.—*The World*.

NATURAL LIGHT IMPROVED.—Adopt Chappuis' Patents.—6, Fleet-street.—[ADVT.]

## CHESS.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. THURSBY.—The problem you refer to has been mislaid; please favour us with another copy of it.  
T. F. S.—The game you sent last week is not quite up to our mark, but we shall be glad to hear from you again, after you have had some more practice with good players.  
Solutions of Problems 170 and 171 by G. D., R. S., and A. G., are correct. A. E., and others, will oblige by addressing their letters to the Chess Editor, 148, Strand.

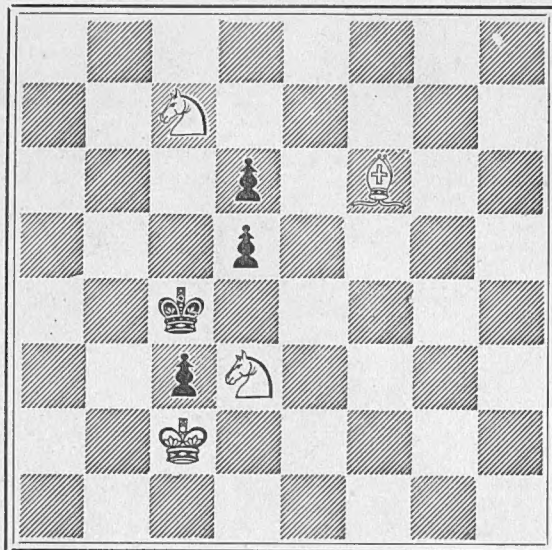
### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 170.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to B 5	B takes Kt (a)
2. Kt to B 3	Kt takes B
3. Q to Q 7 (mate)	
(a) 1.	if Kt takes B
2. Kt to B 3 (ch)	P takes Kt
3. Q takes Kt (mate)	

### PROBLEM No. 173.

By A. W. D. CAMPBELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

### CHESS IN LONDON.

A LIVELY and instructive game played lately at Simpson's between Messrs. Ensor and MacDonnell—

[Giucco Piano.]

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. Ensor.)	(Mr. MacDonnell.)	(Mr. Ensor.)	(Mr. MacDonnell.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	24. Q takes Q B P	P to K 5
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	25. B to Kt 3 (ch)	K to R 2
3. B to B 4	B to B 4	26. Q takes Kt (d)	P takes Kt
4. P to B 3	Kt to B 3	27. K to B 2	P takes K Kt P
5. P to Q 3	P to Q 3	28. R to Kt sq	P takes Kt P
6. Q to K Kt 5	Castles	29. R takes Kt P	Q to B 3
7. Q Kt to Q 2	Kt to Q R 4	30. Q R to R 2	K to R sq
8. B to Kt 3	P to B 3	31. Q to R sq	K to R 2
9. B to Q R 4 (a)	P to Kt 4	32. Q to Kt 7	K to R sq
10. B to B 2	Kt to Kt 2	33. Q to R sq	Q to Kt 4 (e)
11. Kt to B sq	K to R sq	34. R takes Kt (ch)	P takes R
12. Kt to Kt 3	P to K R 3	35. R takes P (ch)	K to Kt 2
13. P to Kt 4	Btks B P (ch) (b)	36. R to K 6	R to R 2
14. K takes B	Kt to Kt 5 (ch)	37. R to K 3	R to K R sq
15. K to Kt sq	P takes B	38. Q to B 3 (f)	R to K R 5
16. P to K R 4	P takes P	39. K to K 2	P takes P
17. R takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq	40. K to Q 3	P to B 5
18. Kt to B 5	B takes Kt	41. R to K 2	Q to B 4 (ch)
19. P takes B	Kt to K 6	42. Q to K 4	R to R 6 (ch)
20. Q to K 2	Kt takes B P	43. K to B 2	Q takes Q
21. R to R 3	P to R 4 (c)	44. R takes Q	P to B 6 and wins.
22. Q to K 4	Kt to R 3		
23. P to Q 4	P to K B 4		

(a) From no point of view can this move be commended, or even accounted for; he ought to have played B to B 2 at once.

(b) To Black's love of fun, or delight in danger, must this rash move be attributed.

(c) Perhaps the best way to get the Q R into the battle.

(d) He ought not to have accepted this crippled Kt in exchange for his active and well-posted one.

(e) A daring, but, we believe, perfectly sound manoeuvre; the opposing forces threaten immediate death to the White King, but they fail even to frighten him; the Queen certainly has no fears as to her consort's safety.

(f) The whole of the end-game is very interesting.

### CHESS NEWS.

The meeting of the Lincolnshire Chess Association, held at Grantham, extended over a fortnight of the present month, and proved thoroughly successful. The credit of the success must be ascribed to the able and genial management of the Rev. A. B. Skipworth. In the Grand Tournament, the first prize, which consisted of £10 and a silver cup, presented by H.R.H. Prince Leopold, was won by Mr. Sidney Ensor, who, out of the six games he had to play, scored 5½. We were not at all surprised at this result, as we have long recognised in Mr. S. Ensor a player of first-class capabilities; sound, accurate, and deep in his combinations, when he chooses to exert himself, he is further always lively, and sometimes even brilliant.

Mr. E. Thorold won the second prize, being but half a game behind the chief victor; and the Rev. A. C. Rowley the third.

In Tourney, class No. 2, the prize-bearers were—Mr. Marriott, Mr. Newham, and Mr. Rudge. It is reported that the Rev. A. B. Skipworth won the special prize for brilliancy, and the Rev. C. E. Ranken the handicap prize. There was, of course, an "association" dinner, and at it Earl Brownlow presided, and was graphic, historical, and interesting, in a speech he delivered anent ancient Chess.

### PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

#### CARNARVONSHIRE HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10.

The CARNARVON AND ANGLESEY STAKES of 25 sovs. added to 3 sovs each; 3 miles, was won by Captain Rayner's Lady Bulkeley, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb (K. Hughes), beating (by five lengths) Wilfred, 12st; Lapwing, 12st 7lb; and four others. 6 to 4 on Lady Bulkeley. Five lengths between second and third. Countess threw her rider.

The FARMER'S RACE of 30 sovs, added to 2 sovs each; 5 sovs to the second; 3 miles, was won by Mr. H. Humphrey's Lightning, 12st 3lb (J. Williams), beating (by four lengths) Very Bad, 12st 3lb; Topsy, 12st 3lb, and another. Even on Lightning, 6 to 4 agst Very Bad, and 4 to 1 agst Miss Gregory.

The OPEN HUNTERS' RACE of 50 sovs, added to 5 sovs each; 3 miles. Mr. H. Whalley's Slithey, 11st 3lb, won. W.O. Mr. Harding's Tynemouth, Major Platt's Schoolboy, Mr. Alexander's Skyraker, and Mr. James's Tom were also entered, but did not reach the post in time to start.

SELLING RACE of 25 sovs, for hunters; about three miles, was won by Mr. Harding's Marshal, 11st 3lb (Toon), beating Lapwing, 11st 3lb, and Robin, 11st 5lb. Even on Robin, and 2 to 1 agst Marshal.

GALLOWAY RACE of 20 sovs; 2 miles, was won by Captain Rowland's Anglesey Boy, 11st (Stanbridge), beating five others. Even on Bobbin, 2 to 1 agst Mischief, and 6 to 1 agst Madge. Bobbin bolted.

PONY RACE, a cup presented by Mr. Wm. Hayward, catch-weights, was won by Mr. Edward's Mischief, beating two others.

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2, Place Frédéric Sauvage,  
Boulogne-sur-Mer.—[ADVT.]

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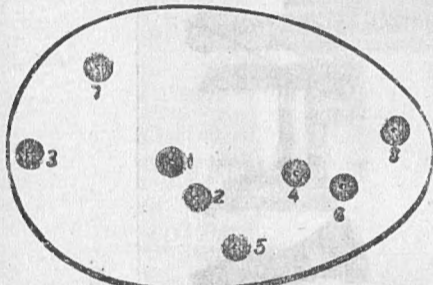
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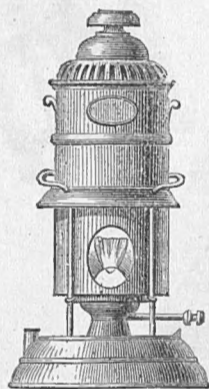
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